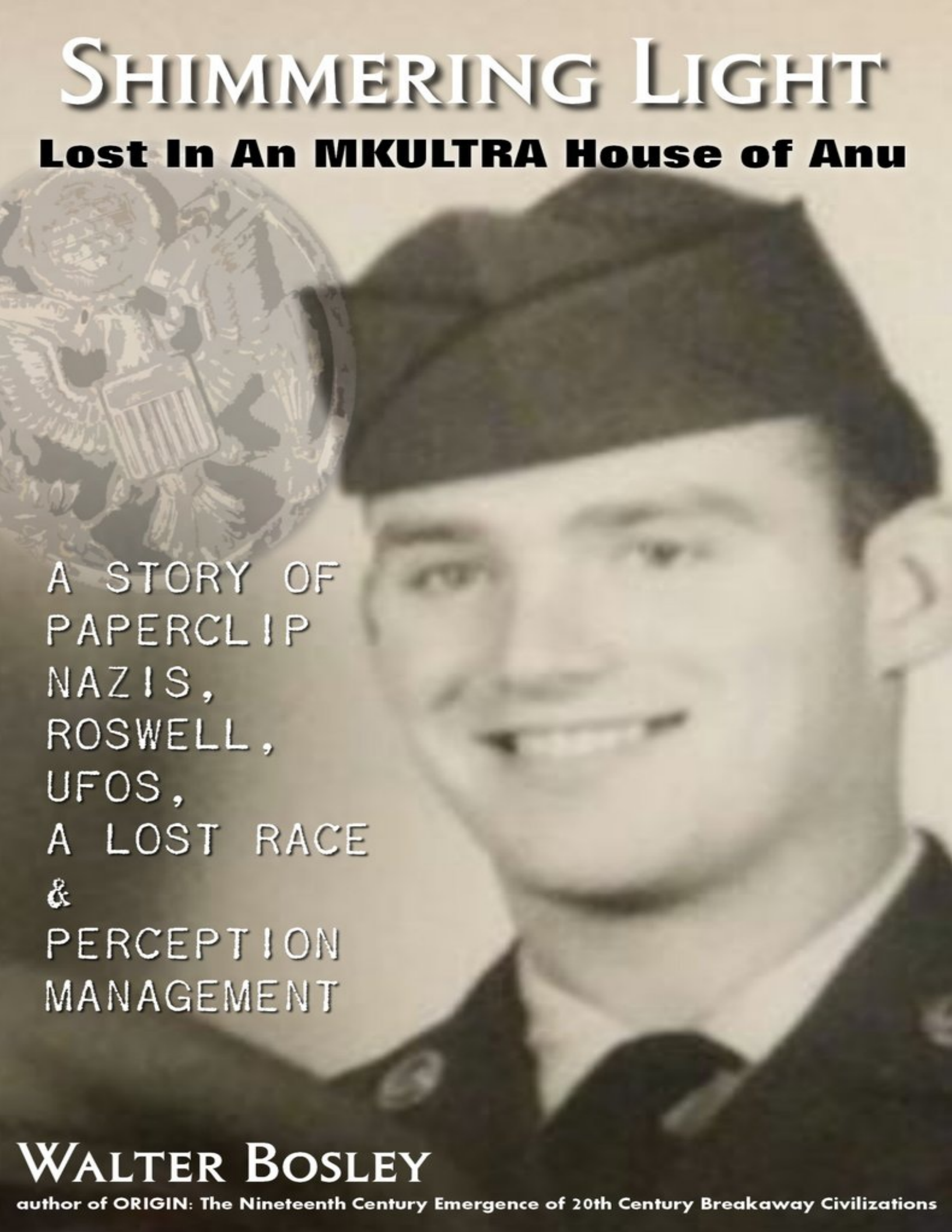
Shimmering Light

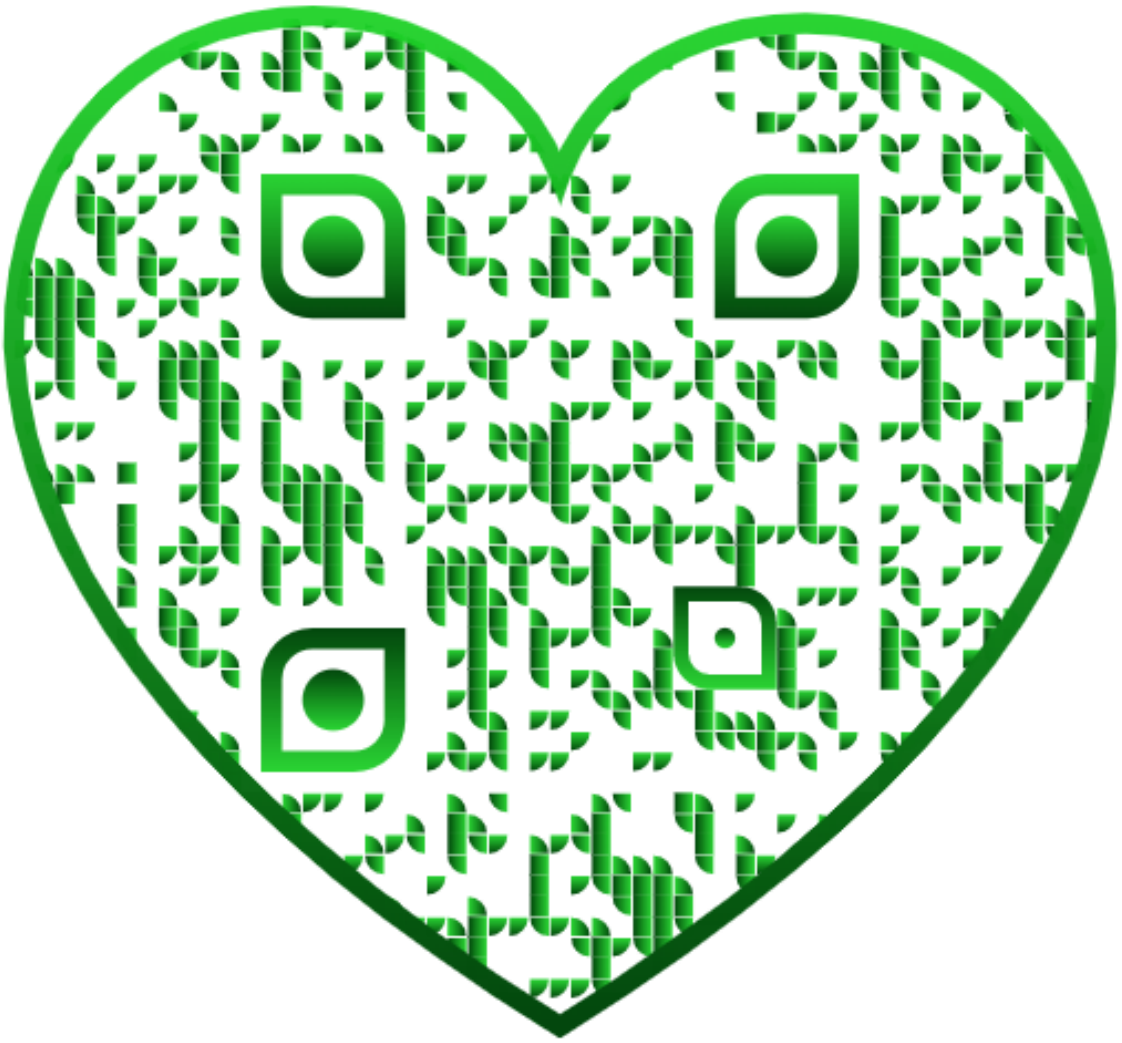
Lost In An MKULTRA House of Anu



A STORY OF
PAPERCLIP
NAZIS,
ROSWELL,
UFOS,
A LOST RACE
&
PERCEPTION
MANAGEMENT

Walter Bosley

author of ORIGIN: The Nineteenth Century Emergence of 20th Century Breakaway Civilizations



SHIMMERING LIGHT

Lost in an MKULTRA House of Anu

A Story of Paperclip Nazis, Roswell, UFOs,
A Hidden Race & Perception Management

WALTER BOSLEY

Corvos Books

Highland CA USA

Shimmering Light: Lost In An MKULTRA House Of Anu -- A Story of Paperclip Nazis, Roswell, UFOs, A Hidden Race & Perception Management

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Why I Wrote This Book

I am not trying to convince anyone of anything. This is a book of my thoughts along the trail of a personal family mystery with definite historical connections and big historical implications. If you do not like speculation, stop reading this book right now. If you want to be told what to think, put this book down and forget about it. I wrote this book for my own reasons.

Many years ago, my dad served in the United States Air Force. Forty years later, I did, too. When I was a kid hearing his stories, I didn't know that I would. However, the thought would be seriously entertained twice before my actual entry into the service. This book is as much because of this mutual experience of military service as it is an attempt to share and possibly explain one of the most fascinating tales I've ever heard from someone close to me.

Who was my father?

Charles Bryan Bosley was born on 14 June 1936 in Parkersburg, West Virginia. He had two brothers at the time of his birth and one followed after. His father died when he was fourteen years old, his mother passed before I was born, in the following decade. With the passing of his oldest brother earlier this year, they are now all gone, or elsewhere perhaps. That brother also served in the US Air Force, so it seems to run in the family. Military service has been a part of both sides of my family since the American Revolution. I am not the descendant of Johnny-come-latelies of the late 19th Century immigrant waves.

Before my dad was in the air force, he was a school kid, a Boy Scout, and a sports enthusiast. He would grow up to be the best natural athlete I've ever personally known and that isn't hyperbole. The man could master any sport.

The story goes that when my dad finished high school, he was offered a partial scholarship from the Cincinnati Reds organization, via their farm league, but there just wasn't the money in his family to match it so he had to turn it down. That's a big reason he joined the US Air Force. Thus I grew up

around the ball field watching him pitch softball games because he was the team's best pitcher, always, on every team for which he played.

My dad was also an excellent golfer with several trophies for winning company tournaments when he worked for Union Oil, including a couple of hole-in-one awards for tourney play. I witnessed a few more of those watching him play over the years.

One of my favorite of my dad's sports moments was in the early 1980s when we hit the course with his then brother-in-law, a big burly outgoing guy named Steve whose bluster was part of his annoying charm. I liked Steve because he was the first nearly complete asshole I had experienced as a friend and it was, admittedly, funny. But Steve had taken to golf and one day suggested to my dad that they play a round or two.

We may have gone to the Sam Snead course over in Rialto, I don't exactly recall. What I recall was Steve and his two golf buddies joining my dad and I, followed by the pre-play banter. Steve had been golfing six days a week for a few months or so. He was in his late twenties, my dad nearly fifty. Steve would dominate, just ask him. The bluster was full power. Then I watched my dad step up to the tee, commenting how rusty he was having not picked up a club in three years, and proceed to embarrass the hell out of Steve and the other younger guys. It was hilarious and I had quietly expected it because I had seen my dad golf. He was a natural.

My dad also managed Little League teams, including those I played on, one of them undefeated. One of his players was Ronnie Lott who went on to play football for the 49ers. Unlike several managers back then, my dad played every kid on the team in every game. He never benched kids to play other kids who might better ensure a win because his philosophy didn't allow that. Kids were there to play baseball, their parents wanted to see them play. He managed several winning teams, sometimes to much frustration of other managers who played only their perceived stars. My dad emphasized the basics and fair play.

But sports was not his only talent. I likewise never knew a better natural salesman than my father. When he worked for Union Oil, my dad started as a truck driver and was quickly brought inside to the commercial sales department. That isn't the retail side. Commercial sales is the side of the house that sells to companies with large fleets of vehicles, especially heavy equipment and tractor trailer vehicles. Commercial sales also required that he keep those clients buying from Union Oil and this is what my dad did with ease. Am I exaggerating because I'm his son?

In the early 1970s, Union Oil ran an in-house program for their salesmen. The top salesman in each division would win a big gold ring. We still have this ring in the family. It came with the Union '76' logo in the center of an onyx stone. If a salesman repeated this feat, the company would add a diamond. My dad won the ring the first year and added two diamonds the second and third years in a row. His division was pretty big, covering a chunk of Southern California and a portion of Nevada. The only reason he didn't win any more diamonds was because he left the company. My dad wore that ring nearly until the day he died. Like in sports, he was an honest salesman, never relying upon anything but his knowledge of the product and its true value to the customer's application of it. Imagine that.

My dad did everything with the assumption that he would do his best to get it done right. He did the landscaping on two houses we lived in, designing patios and lawn irrigation layouts and fencing and

such, then building and installing them himself, down to the cement finishing and planting shrubs and flowers. It all looked professionally done, too.

How the hell would I live up to that?

Yet my dad wasn't perfect. He screwed up a twenty year marriage to my mom with his philandering. I have two other sisters out there, one of whom I've talked to on the phone once many years ago and another whom I've never met. The first one is the reason we left West Virginia when I was just a couple of years old or so. My mom was understandably pissed off so we returned to California where my older sisters and I had been born. My dad was a solid provider but he liked side tail just enough to mess up a good thing. This might be a contributing factor to my opposite position on such matters; I don't cheat. One woman at a time is difficult enough to deal with (and no longer worth the trouble of a formal relationship, for me).

An issue with my dad that is most pertinent to this book was his moodiness. My childhood and youth involved days when the family had to walk on eggshells sometimes depending upon Dad's mood. Do not interpret this through the filter of an explosively violent father image, because it wasn't like that[1]. It was usually more of a pissy attitude and expecting everyone to do things the way he wanted it done, when he was in that mood. Or it was everyone subduing their good time because Dad was having a bad one. We could be at Disneyland, for Christ's sake, and my dad could suddenly be displeased with something. It was ridiculous, really.

But this didn't happen most of the time, it happened some of the time. They didn't call it that back then, but you could say my dad was likely bipolar.

He hit my mom a couple of times, only once that I can remember when I was a little kid but it happened two other times that I am aware of. He also went off on one of my sister's pretty hard when she was being a provocative pain in the ass (her nature then) and would have likely hurt her bad had not my uncle stepped in and stopped him. These are among the episodes that get unremembered or denied in my family but they happened. I am compelled to relate this private stuff to you the reader because the rest of this book may relate to this issue with my dad.

The reader is making a mistake if you think I excuse my dad's errant behavior. I am a former federal criminal investigator, able to remain objective at the flip of a switch. I'm also trained and experienced in the techniques and art of the 'subject interview'. In dealing with a criminal suspect, especially one you have an overwhelming preponderance of evidence on or have personally witnessed his crimes, you question in a manner which requires playing the role of the 'understanding guy'. It's called 'running a theme' and I truly enjoy it -- it's effective.

Running a theme on a perpetrator requires understanding the basic working of his or her mindset, i.e. their personal logic. I like doing that to someone, if I can get them across the table from me. It requires objective control of emotional responses to their misdeeds and is so satisfying when you've nailed them of their own accord.

More specifically, I was a counterintelligence agent and then a counterespionage case officer. Hunting and running spies requires an even deeper level of understanding the perp because these guys are usually much smarter than your average criminals, most of whom are simply stupid and sometimes brutal assholes. You have to set aside the emotion and judgment to do your job and that requires an

objective look at the subject, if you hope to optimize your chance of nailing him or her.

This book requires I take an objective look at my dad. Of course, my father was not a criminal but he demonstrated asshole behavior at times. I can't let the fact that he was my dad cloud my analysis. I am taking the time to explain all this because there is something in this story directly relevant to his moods and behavior.

Still, I liked my dad. When my parents split up, I was the only one who had anything to do with him for a while, which earned me much ire at times from my mom and sisters. They conveniently forget and deny this, when asked. I didn't approve of his shenanigans but that was between he and my mom and wasn't my fault nor my burden. Besides, I had my mind on other things as, not long before they split up, I had experienced something of an enlightenment or awakening and it was life-changing at the time. The world had turned weird for me in a very personal way so my parents' drama seemed to have less impact than I might have expected.

That brings me back to the subject of this book. It was only a few years before my own strange experience that my dad first spoke to me and my sisters of the curious episode at the center of this book. My experience with synchronicity makes me wonder if there may have been a connection between the two events but that's another story. I recall his story being the most mystifying thing I had ever heard in my family, that and my mom's tales of ghosts and spook lights in Alabama and Georgia. Say what you will of folks from the South and Appalachia, there's some deliciously weird things going on there and I eat that stuff up. It's in my blood.

Which brings me to my dad's childhood and youth.

He was born in the Ohio Valley territory now known for Mothman[2] and the eerie presence of Indrid Cold. As I have written elsewhere, I have a personal connection to this lore. Shortly after I was born. we lived in this area for a few years around the time the Mothman stuff was first going on. We lived there again for two years in the early 1970s and by that time Indrid Cold was a delightfully prevalent bogeyman used by adults to make sure their kids were home from the woods before dark. That was in Mineral Wells and we lived in my uncle's trailer park, not far from where Mr Cold was first encountered. Some of my fondest memories are of this lore.

In light of what has been said, written and considered about the Mothman and Indrid Cold lore around Parkersburg and Mineral Wells, might something in my father's youth have played any role in the strange encounter featured in this book? There absolutely could be, I am convinced. Though you will see that there are differing ways of looking at my dad's episode, the high strangeness of the Ohio Valley area he grew up in reflects upon both of them.

I think my dad's story deserves to be told and shared. I grew up with it and, as I entered into service in various national defense agencies of the US intelligence community, learned more about it from other sources. It may also be useful to have other minds on the story to possibly see another perspective, or perhaps to illuminate further information. Something did indeed happen to my dad, but what exactly?

Many of my best memories of my dad seem to congregate around Sunday afternoons. This was usually when he had finished a weekend landscaping project and was admiring his work. To this day, I cannot walk into a hardware store and not be reminded of visits to lumber yards with my dad. The smell of a

hardware store, especially the lumber, is heavenly to me and I love it. Relics also embody memories of my dad. Things like flat bladed shovels and leather work gloves remind me of him.

Baseball[3], Bonanza and beer in quart size bottles bring the memories back, too, along with small glass bottles of soda pop like those he would buy for me when I rode along with him on his job. Among the best are the horror movies at drive-in theaters, a lifelong love that I have passed down to my son who now writes and directs horror films. My dad loved spooky movies about the strange and mysterious, which now doesn't surprise me. All these things swirl around the edges of the thing that I have come to suspect was at the heart of what defined him, for better or worse. He tried but could only partially convey them.

It was before I was born when my father was in the United States Air Force. Military service brought him to California and my sisters and I would be born here. He was assigned to a tactical base in the desert outside of old Victorville and his unit was involved in the classified world of space science in its heady wonder days. To a young man from West Virginia, I imagine my dad driving along the dark desert highway toward the shimmering light ahead.

He had no idea what was coming.

Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way,
There were voices down the corridor...
-- Don Henley & Glenn Frey

CHAPTER ONE

Up ahead in the distance
I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim...

-- Don Henley & Glenn Frey

I was told the story in segments over the course of four decades:

I recall the first discussion being in the spring or summer of 1974. My family was living in West Virginia and my dad had pulled out his old magazines which included the now classic *Look* and LIFE issues[4] on UFOs. I recall it was one of those Sunday afternoons mentioned previously because I have a memory of looking at the color funny pages that day and those were featured only in the Sunday newspaper.

During a discussion on what UFOs might be, he vaguely alluded to having learned about something that crashed in the New Mexico desert years before he was in the air force. He suggested that it might have been from another world. Imagine my intrigue.

The next time I recall it coming up was during a TV show about UFOs sometime in 1975, after we had returned to California. I had recently seen the Sun Classic Pictures' release of *The Outer Space Connection*[5]. Again, my father alluded to the possibility that something from another world had crashed in New Mexico. By this time, my sisters and I had many times heard his stories about his days at George AFB and of Chuck Yeager, Scott Crossfield, Iven Kincheloe and the altitude chamber.

When Columbia Pictures released Steven Speilberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*[6] a couple of years later, I was hooked on the UFO mystery. Between the popularity of the film and the growing number of UFO related shows on television in the year or so leading up to it, our family could not avoid the discussion. Again my dad alluded to the crash in New Mexico and this time he said that what had crashed was a small craft, and there was an additional detail: He said the people aboard the craft were not like the aliens that had begun to appear in UFO stories, certainly not like the little beings in Spielberg's film.

How did he know? Because he had seen the bodies at Wright-Patterson AFB in the late 1950s, he said.

The next time we had a significant conversation about the subject was in 1980 when I discovered William Moore's and Charles Berlitz' book *The Roswell Incident*. I showed the book to my dad but he merely glanced through it, more insistent that the beings on the craft were not little aliens, rather they were like us and virtually hairless. He also said there was nothing to fear from these beings. And, he added, the 1947 incident in New Mexico was not the only time such a thing had happened.

Six years later, I was revisiting everything I had learned about the UFO phenomenon to that time. It was in the spring of 1986 when I sat down with all my UFO books and re-examined them, coming to a new and unexpected personal insight: There was something very earthly going on with this stuff. At the time, my suspicion was that secret military technology might indeed explain much of the reports. I was certainly not the first guy to consider that idea but for me it was eye-opening in its implications. I thought of my what my dad had been saying over the years about the Roswell case. He could very well have learned something about it while in the air force.

By this time, my mentor had begun to work with me and I was hearing things from him that augmented what my dad had been saying about the 1947 New Mexico incident. Within two years, I would be reporting for duty with the FBI[7], and just a few years after that would come the next major leap

forward in my dad's tale.

Wilson

In 1991 my father was hospitalized for a blood clot. I was working in New York as a counterintelligence specialist for the FBI and flew out on short notice, that's how concerned we were for his life. Naturally, being the one who lived farthest away, by the time I could quickly get a flight to California, and drive directly from the airport, he had made it through the danger zone. He was still heavily sedated when I walked into his hospital room.

It was the next day when I was alone with him for a couple of hours that my dad started muttering about a 'crystal house' and a man getting killed. He seemed agitated. And then he mentioned the name for the first time: Wilson.

At the time I had no idea who this Wilson was or what his significance might have been. My sisters came into the room just moments after he was saying this stuff so I didn't press him and said nothing to them about it. I did call my mentor as soon as I got to a phone at my mom's house.

"Was there anyone else in the room when he was talking about Wilson?" he asked.

I told him there was not. The nurse was at the station and I was alone with my dad.

"Good," he said, *"Keep him off that subject when anyone else is around, if you can."*

I asked about Wilson.

"We'll talk about Wilson when I see you next time." That was how the conversation ended.

And we did. I will go into that later in this book. For now, the next time my dad and I discussed his tale at length was after I had become an officer in the air force and had been working at an even higher Top Secret clearance than I had carried while working for the FBI. By this time, I knew more about his tale than he realized I did. I had also been encouraged to get him to talk about it.

And so it was that in 2004 my dad told me in greater detail what he recalled about his strange experience in 1958.

The Time Has Come To Tell The Tale

My father was TDY in Alabama when he and two other guys, whom he never did identify to me, were selected for a project and boarded a military aircraft bound for a base in Texas.

Following departure from Montgomery, presumably from his assigned TDY location of Gunter AFB[8], the plane turned north somewhere over Mississippi or Louisiana. That's when an intelligence officer, whom my dad later identified as 'Major Knight', emerged from the forward cabin and informed the trio that they were actually headed to Wright-Patterson AFB in Ohio. My dad said they were told that documentation in their personnel files would backstop the cover story of a flight to Texas[9].

Shortly after arrival at WPAFB, the trio was briefed on what happened with the so called Roswell Incident of 1947. According to my father, the crash did not actually happen in Roswell and he insisted that it was not an extraterrestrial craft. The airmen were shown crash debris, including the now

legendary foil-like material that could be balled-up and retain its original shape. As many have since, my dad also said this material could not even be marked by extreme heat. They were also shown bodies which they were told were recovered from the crash.

My dad said the bodies were human and did not have much if any hair. Neither did they have over-sized heads nor big eyes. My dad insisted they were not big but neither were they three feet tall. He was always amused when the popular 'greys' were associated with this crash, insisting the recovered bodies were not the little aliens so many others had claimed of them. My dad was told that these 'other' people meant us no harm. As he conveyed his story, he expressed concern that a cover story of extraterrestrials had been employed to serve some agenda other than national security.

According to my dad, in that classified 1958 briefing, they were told a Roswell type of incident had happened again.

Following the briefings and mission orientation period at WPAFB, my dad and the other guys were next sent to Arizona, specifically to an underground facility in the vicinity of Winslow. The trio of airmen were assigned to a special project being led by a scientist named Wilson who delegated them to an ongoing search-and-rescue operation because, they were told, this time there was a survivor.

According to my dad, at some point in his service he had been trained to fly small helicopters in unusual places, specifically in vast subterranean spaces and through large tunnels. This training played a role in the effort to retrieve the lost crewman of the downed craft -- which my dad insisted was not a spacecraft, i.e. not of extraterrestrial origin.

They were briefed that the occupant of the downed craft was lost and 'his people' wanted him back. This time US authorities had been contacted by these people -- the owners of said craft -- asking for assistance. My father said that he and other personnel were told that these people made it clear they were not interested in regular contact with our society but they did want assistance in this matter.

More specifically, they were told that the humans involved with this craft came from inside the planet, their civilization existing in expansive subterranean areas connected by tunnels, and that they went underground thousands of years ago due to some catastrophe. He also spoke of a group of blind people associated with this underground civilization, and these blind ones had developed their other senses very keenly. It was some of this group whom my father and his teammates unexpectedly encountered.

One member of my dad's team was killed during this particular incident. The man was neutralized by a tubular hand-held device which allegedly worked by the wielder using psi powers. It is at this part of the story that my dad would always display emotion, as he described a living man suddenly 'switched off' by the simple device, dead before he hit the ground. This appeared to truly distress my father and it is here the story always ended.

Until the year before he died.

In July of 2007, my father was brutally and senselessly attacked by a former employee. As usual, another unworthy human being who blaming drugs for his criminal misdeeds had assaulted the innocent. Beaten in his sleep, my dad went into a coma for a few weeks. He would never recover and

spent the remaining eleven months of his life in hospitals. For a period of two months after waking from a coma, he was himself and able to communicate -- and that's when he began to tell me more.

I would visit my dad when my sisters couldn't be there so that he and I could discuss the underground project. He spoke of a technology transfer program in which we gave this other civilization a small craft he referred to as 'The Zipper', a small frame aircraft he said was designed by and for the US Air Force. But that moniker was also informally attached to the F-104 Starfighter[10] so I had to assume his injuries had scrambled things up by this time. He also told me more of Wilson and having met him before, specifically in 1957 in the Mojave Desert away from George AFB, where the scientist and his genius elder demonstrated large square remote-controlled platforms which utilized anti-gravity. What else he told me about Wilson bears no impact on this book.

What was I to do with this information my dad shared after the assault? Throw all of it in the trash? The problem with doing that is what I later learned about the Wilsons and their technology. I've decided to keep it in the mix with the caveat regarding the Zipper issue. I will let the reader decide for him or her self.

At any rate, it came to an end when a meddling family member convinced my dad that he did not need to talk to me and so he stopped. In fact, my dad said little more to me other than hello after that, ultimately slipping into another coma from which he did not wake. I have learned that ignorant fear runs deep. That was the sad state of affairs when my dad's life ended.

So let's go back to 1958 when, following his release from the Arizona assignment, my dad took my mom to California where they got married in Victorville and he returned to duty at George AFB. A few months later, my dad left active duty earlier than scheduled. My mom always thought his discharge was to get an early start on a GI Bill college education -- but she doesn't recall my dad ever enrolling in classes anywhere.

I was told by a source in the intelligence community that my dad was discharged from the air force early as a result of what happened during his experience underground, thus the early release to attend school was possibly the most likely administrative code that was used to cover the true reason.

And there you have it. Another strange story as so many others have told in the milieu of Roswell and weird America in the post WW2 era. Only this one does not involve extraterrestrials, at the insistence of the man telling it.

Whether it's true or not, or whether I can verify any of it, is why I wrote this book. I can tell you that between hearing that story and what you're reading here, my opinion has changed as to what the truth *might* more likely be. But before we get there, let's go back to what we know, take it apart and see what we find.

CHAPTER TWO

Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings, ever to soar!
-- Robert MacArthur Crawford

A consideration of whether any of my dad's story is true must begin with his military service. Let's look at the facts of my father's claim to have been in the military.

Was Charles Bosley actually in the USAF?

My dad entered the United States Air Force in Fairmont, West Virginia on 4 March 1955 with the assigned rank of Airman Basic.[11]

What about Gunter AFB?

My dad was there.

According to the DD214 issued to Staff Sgt Charles B. Bosley, with an Honorable discharge date of 24 December 1958, he was twice sent to Gunter AFB: first in 13 June-9 August 1955 and again from 30 June-13 August 1958. I can not only place him there, I can also provide the purpose of his being there. The first time was for advanced training following basic, specifically attending the Apprentice Physiological Training Specialist course at the Gunter Branch of the School of Aviation Medicine. This was roughly two months after completion of his basic training, during which time he had reported to his duty station, George AFB in Victorville, California.

The second time of record that my dad was at Gunter AFB was for the Physiological Training

Supervisor course also at the School of Aviation Medicine[12]. This was the 1958 period of 30 June-13 August and it also happens to be when he met my mother who was working across the way on Maxwell AFB at the time. What she has told me about that time has been quite valuable to this book and I'll get to that later. For now, let's continue with the basics.

The reader should understand something about the DD214 form. It is a post WW2 creation and every service member is issued one upon discharge. This document is vital to the veteran as it provides proof of military service and much pertinent data as regards rank, specialty, assignment locations, professional training and accomplishments. It also states whether the service member received a discharge that is Honorable or otherwise. As stated already, my dad received an Honorable discharge. However, the DD214 is by no means a complete record of service and should not be mistaken for one.

For example, if you were to look at my DD214, you would see the official title of my specialty, my training courses, decorations and base assignments. You would see very basic descriptors of deployments and awards. What you would not see are specific cases or operations, nor would you see any TDY trips not relative to training nor overseas deployments that I took to various bases or cities or countries in the course of my duties as a Special Agent of the US Air Force Office of Special Investigations. Most of that remains sensitive and much of it is still classified. In fact, you should not find my personnel record in St Louis and you could not likely obtain a copy of it through normal channels, unless something has changed drastically[13]. I bring this up to illustrate that my dad, like all service members, did things during his active duty time that will never be gleaned from a DD214.

What the DD214 provides here is verification of my father's enlistment in the US Air Force and that he was indeed at Gunter AFB as he said. Let's proceed.

Did My Dad Ever Go To Wright-Patterson AFB?

Is there any reason to believe that my dad would have been sent up to Wright-Patterson in Ohio while in training at Gunter AFB?

Indeed there is. Following the establishment of the USAF School of Aviation Medicine, it was decided that the research laboratory at Wright-Patterson would handle all equipment and materiel issues and the school at Gunter would provide all training and measurement of personnel, relative to aviation physiology and medicine[14]. Where aviation medicine was concerned, Gunter and Wright-Patterson required a close operational relationship, especially where my father's specialty was concerned.

As stated earlier, my dad was a Physiological Training Specialist and was training to be a supervisor in this specialty at the time he claimed to have been sent to Wright-Patterson in Ohio, during the pertinent second TDY period in Alabama. What exactly does a Physiological Training Specialist do?

SSgt Bosley's Specialty & Wright-Patterson AFB

According to my father's GAFB Form 101, he was assigned to the Physiological Training Unit of the 4452d USAF Hospital, George AFB. This form describes his duties as follows: operation of a high altitude chamber and conducting inspections of aircraft oxygen systems and personal equipment such as helmets and masks, and performing maintenance on these items. There is another interesting tidbit

added later to his job description but we will get to that soon enough. For those who require numbers, his AFSC Primary was 90132 and Control was 90152.

Therein lies the explanation for why a trip up to Wright-Patterson from Gunter makes perfect sense. Wright-Patterson's Physiological Research Unit developed and maintained the equipment side of the aviation medicine house where it concerned physiological training and operations. My dad's specialty required up-to-date expertise with said equipment to perform his duties. It makes perfect sense that during a training course to become a supervisory Physiological Training Specialist he would have to go to Wright-Patterson at some point. This establishes a logical connection to this important base in Ohio and my dad's work.

But remember, when he got on the plane in Alabama, he thought they were going to Texas. This part of his story simply cannot be dismissed. Why might my father and his colleagues have possibly been going to Texas?

The Texas Leg of the Story

Between the World Wars, the School of Aviation Medicine was established in Texas at Randolph Air Field. Following the war, certain training elements were transferred to Gunter AFB, specifically the Physiological Training Officers Course and all enlisted courses[15]. In 1958, when my dad would have been going there, Randolph AFB had assumed all training programs for pilots and crews[16]. This included the USAF Helicopter School[17] which comes into play later in this book and may explain why my father was initially headed that direction (and may have actually been there at some point).

There is even more reason to suspect Brooks AFB was the Texas destination suggested by my dad. USAF aviation medicine training had a history at Brooks prior to Randolph and regained that element in 1957 when the Texas headquarters of the School of Aviation Medicine returned and became associated with NASA and specifically Project Mercury.[18]

Project Mercury actually began under the US Air Force, the earliest publicly identified date being 1958, the year NASA took control of the program[19]. Accelerated in aftermath of response to the launch of the satellite Sputnik by the Soviet Union, Project Mercury's practical mission under NASA was to put a man in orbit. Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, center of US Army missile and space operations, would play its role in Mercury, and so would members of my dad's specialty.

My understanding has always been that it was at George AFB where my dad and his colleagues conducted ground tests of the Mercury pressure suit in the altitude chamber. This was, according to my father and an intelligence community source, the same silver colored suit used in the eventual flights. I will name my source 'Colonel Lundy'[20]. What my dad didn't tell me, Colonel Lundy did; mainly that he and his buddies got into trouble for photographing each other wearing the Mercury spacesuits. The photos were allegedly confiscated and they got their asses sternly chewed. The point is, if my dad was involved in ground testing the Mercury spacesuit, he would have had a reason for going to Texas relative to NASA and USAF involvement in the manned space program.

And there is another point to consider. If my dad was indeed involved in USAF manned space program support operations, he would have certainly held a rather high security clearance. He

claimed this himself, and even told me the level. I will not repeat that specific information but I will tell you that it certainly exceeded Top Secret SCI, if true. He also told me about having to watch captured German film footage of altitude chamber tests from the years prior to WW2 as part of his training, which in the 1950s would have been strictly classified. If your radar hasn't blipped yet, it should have now, Paperclip students.

I'll get to the Germans soon enough, the point is to emphasize the level at which my dad's duties required access to classified material and information.

SUMMARY

I have demonstrated the following, based upon an official notarized DD214:

My father was indeed enlisted in the US Air Force.

I have positively identified his specialty

He was at Gunter AFB in the summer of 1958.

His specialty had a direct affiliation with Wright-Patterson AFB.

My father's specialty confirms that he could have been sent to Texas during his training in Alabama. I have also demonstrated why my father going to Wright-Patterson during this training makes sense.

So what does this mean?

What I have demonstrated thus far is that my dad's military credentials are solid. There is enough credibility in these facts to continue with this analysis.

Admittedly, this weird episode of his life is impossible to prove and I am not going to try. That isn't the purpose of this book. My intent here is to examine what he said and see what we find upon closer inspection.

Was what happened in New Mexico, the thing that became known as 'Roswell', a real event? Could my dad have been briefed on this event, whatever it was? Why continue with this analysis?

Because I'm curious and that's a good enough reason. So let's continue...

CHAPTER THREE

Sweet dreams and flying machines
In pieces on the ground
-- James Taylor

My dad always said that Wright-Patterson AFB played a role in the crash mystery. The stream of Roswell literature since 1980 says the same. There must have been a good reason.

Wright-Patterson AFB is the home of the 88 Air Base Wing and Air Force Materiel Command. In existence as two separate Army air corps air fields since 1917, Wright-Patterson became a combined base in 1948 when the US Air Force was created by the National Security Act of 1947. The base had always been a research and development center for US military air power and also played a role in the development of the US manned space program prior to and during the establishment of NASA. It is the Air Force Materiel Command wherein the mysterious secrets can be found.[21]

With that in mind, let's go back to 1958 when my dad said he was sent to Wright-Patterson to be briefed on what happened in the infamous, legendary and notorious Roswell Incident.

The Roswell Part of the Story

I'm going to assume that the overwhelming majority of readers of this book are familiar with the generalities of that which is 'Roswell'. We are told all the time that 'the bodies' and the pieces of the craft were flown to Wright-Pat where they were studied and the craft was reverse-engineered. Since I was first hearing about some of this from my father before the 1980 book by Moore and Berlitz, I have always recognized my dad's tale basically jibes with the circumstantial facts and even more so with the popular legend.

Unless my dad knew Stanton Friedman or his work before telling me his version, and I have no reason nor evidence that he did, I will proceed under the assumption that he wasn't lying or merely confused with something he might have seen on a TV show or read in a magazine or obviously in any of the subsequent books on Roswell. Wright-Patterson was where the bodies and material were sent according to my dad's version and in all others, so let's look at this base within the Roswell context.

The Wright Place?

So which specific units at Wright-Patterson in the late 1950s might have logically had custodianship of recovered alien bodies and their craft?

The Air Technical Intelligence Center (ATIC) was indeed present at WPAFB in 1958, the year in question[22]. ATIC was a field unit of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence and is known for analyzing captured or recovered foreign aircraft. It became the National Air and Space Intelligence Center, a tenant organization at WPAFB today. As an arm of Air Force intelligence, ATIC was also attached to certain requirements of Air Material Control Department and that brings us right back to AFMC, a host command of the base. This strongly suggests that the facts support the inclusion of Wright-Patterson AFB in the Roswell story.

So why would my father, a mere staff sergeant, be briefed in on such an important piece of information such as allegedly recovered bodies and a craft of unknown origin?

Need To Know

The answer to the above question is my dad's job in the Air Force, as described earlier: He conducted inspections of aircraft oxygen systems and personal equipment such as helmets and masks, and performed maintenance on these items; he also ran pilots through the altitude chamber and briefed them on the procedures. Such briefings included related aerospace medicine aspects of pilot training and evaluation. This specialty and the ground testing of the Mercury spacesuits would have logically attached him to classified USAF and NASA space program research and development, and that would most certainly provide the all important 'need to know'[23]. My dad's specialty was at the heart of these things.

With his need-to-know established, it becomes credible that my father could indeed have observed and studied the remains of alleged otherworldly travelers because it would provide much data invaluable to doing his job. How the environment through the mysterious craft flew and the subsequent crash particulars affected the physiology of the recovered bodies would be data critical to my dad's specialty.

And then I found something truly delightful.

A Significant Discovery

There was a little nugget of gold among my dad's official paperwork that even better argues his need-to-know about the recovered bodies.

You will recall the previously mentioned GAFB Form 101 which describes his job, including equipment maintenance duties. In the job description box at the bottom was added at some point in his career the following task, worded simply 'Casualty Collection Team # I' ('I' being '1') followed by 'Bldg # 630'.[24]

This made the investigator in me very happy. It's called 'evidence' and among the best kind. But evidence of what?

The Retrieval Link

Being on a casualty collection team meant that my father was involved in the retrieval of materiel and specifically *bodies* from crashes. This means to me that it is indeed possible for my dad to have viewed bodies retrieved from whatever might have crashed in New Mexico sometime after WW2. If it was determined to be a USAF space science and aviation medicine matter, it would be logical for air force doctors and aviation medicine specialists to be keenly interested in the effects of the crash on the victims' physiology. Whether a human physiology or one allegedly not ours, useful scientific data could be collected if the craft were indeed 'alien' aka foreign and capable of space flight, extraterrestrial or not.

I propose that my father's assignment on a casualty collection team lends credibility to his claim to have seen the alleged 'Roswell' crash bodies.

Intrigued with the discovery on my dad's GAFB Form 101, I hoped to learn more about this casualty collection team. There was a building identifier, for starters. Locating Building 630 may be impossible if it was located at George AFB, now inactive and deteriorating. Incidentally, that building number does exist at WPAFB, presently as a child care center. If 630 was indeed a building at George, I can fairly presume that it was a medical facility, for obvious reasons related to my dad's assignment. But I just don't know. It could also have been a staging area in a hangar.

Did my dad ever speak of casualty collections?

Over the years, he told me stories of the pilots who had crashed, and specifically of the death of Iven C. Kincheloe, Korean War fighter ace and test pilot who was killed at Edwards AFB on 26 July 1958 while my dad was back east. He had run Kincheloe through the altitude chamber on a few occasions and was acquainted with him. Kincheloe was the first man known to fly above 100,000 feet, earning him the brief nickname 'America's No 1 Spaceman'. Selected for the X-15 program, Iven Kincheloe was killed while ejecting from a malfunctioning F-104 over Edwards, victim of the not so brilliant idea of downward ejection employed in that model of aircraft at the time.

The Kincheloe story was one my dad would tell of crash retrieval activities even though he was not at Edwards when it happened. However, he would go to Edwards AFB in the course of his duties at George, something my mom distinctly remembers about the remaining days my dad had in the air force, after they got married. He also told a story about one gruesome crash after which he saw the deceased pilot's favorite scarf blowing across the ground on the flight line. I can't recall which pilot that was.

With the GAFB Form 101 positively identifying my dad with a crash retrieval team at his base, it could also have qualified him to pull the same duty at any USAF location. I say in this piece of data on the form we have enough corroboration to his story in this regard, slight as it may still seem to some (and it will, I assure you).

So what do we have regarding Wright-Patterson AFB that suggests my father was telling the truth about being taken there to be briefed on an 'alien' craft and its occupants? That the base would be the place for such aerospace materiel and information, and that my dad's duties would provide a double 'need to know' about recovered pilot or flight crew bodies.

Yet there is even more.

Wright-Patterson and the Roswell Legend

Let's look at '*The Roswell Incident*' and see what is useful, if anything.

In the lore surrounding Roswell, we have Berlitz and Moore's presentation of a memo written by Meade Layne of the Borderland Sciences Research Foundation, obtained prior to writing the the 1980 *Roswell Incident* book in which the problematic secondhand testimony of Grady Barnett, as filtered through a Dr. Weisberg, cites a 'Description of the Aliens'.

The Layne memo states the bodies were seared by intense heat inside the craft and that an alleged autopsy demonstrated the occupant resembled a **normal human body** 'except in **size**'. In another part of the Moore-Berlitz book, Barnett is claimed to have said the bodies were also **without hair**. It goes on to state that the bodies and wreckage were put on a train to California and transported to Muroc (the base that became Edwards) and was then transported through Fort Worth before ending up at Wright Field (WPAFB), specifically in Building 18-A, Area B.

There's a lot there. First we have what appears to be corroboration of my dad's claim that the bodies recovered from the Roswell wreckage were *human*, including a reference to their *size* (which my dad said was smaller than the average human though not as small as the popular depiction of ETs) -- and that they were *hairless*, another detail my dad alleged. Then we have the bodies and craft being sent by train to Muroc (Edwards AFB) where it's all put on a plane and flown to Wright Field in Ohio. There is mention of 'unusual wreckage' being sent to Fort Worth. Here we have Wright-Patterson solidly in the lore by 1980, plus Texas bases which corroborate what we know about USAF aviation medicine history and my dad's background. My question about this part of the Barnett story is why would the US Army *Air Corps* place such an important retrieval on a *train*?

My only explanation for placing the bodies and wreckage on a train is that perhaps the guys calling the shots felt it would be more physically secure, but was a train was less likely to wreck than a plane was to go down? I'm sure one concern was to protect such valuable materiel. Yet the air corps transporting via rail instead of on one of their own airplanes remains curious nonetheless. They ultimately put debris on a plane to Ohio anyway. Why the train?

Also cited in the Moore-Berlitz book is the Barry Goldwater incident in which the senator, a reserve USAF officer, supposedly visited WPAFB where he asked his pal, General Curtis LeMay, if he could see the legendary 'Blue Room'. This room allegedly housed the Roswell bodies and debris. LeMay responded gruffly and shut down Goldwater's inquiry by telling the senator to never ask again. The point here isn't whether this tale is true or not, but to point out yet another inclusion of Wright-Patterson in Roswell lore.

Probably the best corroboration in placing Wright-Patterson in the mix of whatever Roswell was or is can be found in the FBI teletype dated 8 July 1947[25] in which it is stated that a disc and a balloon retrieved from a crash site 'near Roswell' New Mexico were being transported to Wright Field. This teletype was apparently sent from the FBI office in Dallas to the SAC in Cincinnati, Ohio, the nearest field office and just a half hour or so drive from Wright Field (WPAFB).

It should be noted that the original newspaper articles that stood as the only public documentation about the so called Roswell incident did not mention Wright Field. Only a reference to the retrieved materiel being flown to a 'higher headquarters' was mentioned in print by these sources. We can certainly assume that this would likely have meant Wright Field but the exclusion of any identifier beyond 'higher headquarters' makes my dad's statement that it was Wright-Patterson (Wright Field in 1947) a valid corroboration. I remind the reader that he told me this prior to the release of the Moore-Berlitz book, the first book on the subject.

Following the Moore-Berlitz book, we have Kevin Randle and Don Schmitt in their 1991 book *UFO Crash At Roswell* and Stanton Friedman and Don Berliner presenting information in their 1992 book *Crash at Corona* furthering a Wright-Patterson association with the recovered bodies and materiel from Roswell. These authors cite the in-depth analyses of the debris by the 'Air Material Command' the early incarnation of the aforementioned AFMC located at WPAFB since the 1940s.

Corso

In the 1994 book *The Truth About the UFO Crash at Roswell*, authors Kevin Randle and Don Schmitt present many alleged Roswell witnesses, among them one who claimed the bodies and wreckage were flown aboard a C-54 to Wright Field. It is with the subsequent 1997 book, *The Day After Roswell* by Colonel Philip Corso, that the Roswell tale notches up and further corroborates a Wright-Patterson connection.

I will be going deeper into the Corso material later in this book because it does bear a major impact on my dad's story and my tentative conclusions -- regardless of the issues raised about Corso's credibility and the credibility of the entire Roswell milieu. There remains, in spite of all the revelations of lies and deceptions associated with the Roswell witnesses and legend, something quite valid -- and very unpopular -- in Corso's tale that resonates directly with my dad's account and his air force service. It will also return us to Wright-Patterson AFB.

In a final note to tie up the assertion that the famed Ohio base would serve as a center for government focus on the mystery of UFOs and who flies them, I share with you the words of Olavo Fontes of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization **in 1958**:

"Only the persons who work on the problem know the real situation: intelligence officers in the Army, Navy, Air Force; some high ranking officers in the High Command; the National Security Council and a few scientists whose activities are connected with it; and a few members of certain civilian organizations doing research for military projects."

Intelligence officers, scientists, and military research: all at Wright Patterson for decades. And there's that year again:1958, the year my dad says the events examined in this book happened.

SUMMARY

In this chapter I have demonstrated that Wright-Patterson AFB is indeed the location where all things 'Roswell' would end up for analysis and exploitation: WPAFB has the pertinent intelligence and research units.

I have also demonstrated that my dad was assigned to a 'casualty collection team' which is another way to say crash retrieval and certainly could have included said function. Through casualty

collection duties, my dad is further linked to the interests of Wright-Patterson in a case of 'foreign technology' crash retrieval.

Wright-Patterson is linked to the crash report in an FBI memo, not to mention the thirty years or so of Roswell lore and literature.

So with it reasonably demonstrated that my dad was what he said he was and likely might have had to go to Wright-Patterson AFB which is positively associated with the 'Roswell' issue, we can continue this analysis. We can proceed to the weirdest part of my dad's tale.

As we move on, consider next what Bruce Rux writes in *Architects of the Underworld* (Frog, 1996):

*"The government began investigating the possibility that the race behind the unknown spacecraft was one parallel to our own, and connected to human life from antiquity, no later than **1958**."*

Again that year my dad claimed his encounter with the hidden 'lost race' occurred. Where is this idea coming from and why did they specifically begin to consider the idea of a parallel race in 1958?

Let us now follow the rabbit to the mysterious and exotic land called Arizona...

CHAPTER FOUR

A bolt of fear went through him
As they thundered through the sky...
-- Hughie Thomasson

Pinpointing exactly when my father would have been in Arizona, according to the specifics of his story, is difficult even as a simple exercise for the sake of this discussion.

My assumption, based on the order in which he told me the events happened, has been that he was sent to Arizona immediately following the briefings and revelations at Wright-Patterson AFB. However, that may not be the case.

When Could It Have Happened?

I spoke with my mother about this on numerous occasions because she met my dad while he was in Alabama in that summer he says this all happened for him. She worked at Maxwell AFB across town from Gunter. Montgomery was her birthplace, and home at that time. She provided more detail essential to my understanding of my dad's time there.

My parents met on the Fourth of July, 1958. After a whirlwind romance, they were married in Victorville, California, on 19 August. Since my dad did not finish the course at Gunter until 13 August, this left little time between the end of the training TDY and their wedding in California. My dad's car at the time was a 1957 Chevy Bel Air. My mom rode with him on the drive back to California in that car, as verified by her, which means he had driven it to Alabama in the first place. She verified that he had bought the car from his commander at George AFB. My dad always kept his cars in immaculate condition and my mom said it was a very comfortable drive even with the multiple passengers (her mother, my dad's colleague and his wife).

In that car, they departed Alabama on the 14th of August, driving at a reasonable yet steady pace that put them in Victorville on the 17th, according to my mom. She recalls they had a full day before the wedding which was on the 18th. With the six days accounting for the completion of the course in Alabama, the cross-country drive, and their wedding in California identified, we can now look at the days of the training course period.

The TDY at Gunter AFB

With 30 June being the start date, that means my dad likely checked in to Gunter AFB no later than 29 June, but he could have arrived earlier because we don't know when he left George AFB or where he may have stopped en route to Alabama -- and this may be very significant. For now, let's start with that arrival date.

If he was there for a training course, typically my dad would have had to attend lectures and likely participate in lab simulations. Knowing the dates of the apprentice course he took in 1955, we observe on his DD214 that the supervisory course period was forty five days, twelve days shorter than the prior course he also attended at Gunter. Based upon my experience with military training, the apprentice course more likely required daily attendance for the full period of fifty seven days because he was first learning the job. But the supervisory training offers some marginal wiggle room, in my opinion.

Clearly my father had been doing the physiological training specialist job for about three years by the time he arrived at Gunter for the second course[26]. He didn't need to learn that job all over again. What about being a supervisor required 45 days of training?

As a military officer, I was a supervisor. Having already received military management training as a 120-day wonder via OTS, my supervisor training when I took over the branch at my detachment at Wright-Patterson was being shown the forms we used in our specialty (and I had already been trained on those at the specialty training course). My point is, I did not attend a supervisory training course to become chief of the branch.

Not only was I the supervising officer, I was also a federal agent involved in running operations and espionage casework as it came up. The administrative tasks of running that branch were not so excessive, even with additional duties, that I could not be expected to be operational. I bring this up to illustrate a point: You could have fit a supervisory training course for that portion of my job into five days and I was the officer in charge of a sensitive and critical operations branch with plenty of reporting requirements aside from the field work.

However, I must acknowledge that my father was not an officer[27] and the USAF may administratively have considered me 'trained in management' by virtue of (snicker) Officer Training School.[28]

I doubt that my dad and his colleagues needed 45 days of endless instruction to be a supervisory specialist in a job they had already been doing for a few years. Taking my dad's story at face value, I propose two things: The briefing at Wright-Patterson and the alleged trip to Arizona took place during the training course period.

My mom does not recall my dad being away from Alabama between the day they met and the day they departed together for California. She recalls seeing him a lot during that time but she does acknowledge there could have been a period of a day or two when they might not have seen each other during the weekdays. We can still work with this, if her memory serves correctly. Keep in mind, though, that she worked at Maxwell and he was working at Gunter.

Briefing Trip to WPAFB: There And Back Again

The trip to Wright-Patterson from Gunter could easily have happened over the course of two days. They could have boarded the plane on a day he saw my mom prior to departure. He could have been in place in Ohio for the next two days and nights and then returned the following day and easily seen my mom that night. Though four days are involved, there are only two in this scenario that my mom would not have seen him, thus fitting her recollection. But was two days enough?

Recall that my dad claimed to have been briefed in on what really happened in New Mexico in 1947, i.e. events popularly associated with the Roswell incident. How long could that have reasonably taken?

The way these things work is that they bring you in, sit you down, make you sign papers and then they lay it on you. I can imagine being told that a hidden civilization of humans had crashed their strange craft in New Mexico takes all of an hour when you factor in what little background might have been

known along with the details of the crash, retrieval, witness data and so forth. The next hour could easily suffice for looking at bodies in a SCIF type of vault. It would be the aerospace medicine analysis and intelligence assessment that might take up the lion's share of time. Factor in breaks and any transport across the base, plus an hour at the chow hall. Don't forget Q&A and discussion. That fills one day.

I make an educated guess that the entire next day could likely have been devoted to briefings on the situation that according to my dad had freshly happened in Arizona. Follow that with instructions on what their role would be in the retrieval. Once done, my dad and his colleagues would be on a plane the next morning and back in Alabama in time for lunch at Gunter.

This scenario I've proposed for the WPAFB leg of my dad's tale would account for all of four days, if we're going with my mom's best recollection that she did not see him for more than a couple of days at a time. Now consider the possibility that her memory is way off and he was actually gone for a week and we have plenty of time for the trip to Ohio.

Fitting Wright-Patterson into my dad's 1958 training period at Gunter AFB is easy, but not so much the Arizona trip. I can't help but see this as a longer period than just a few days. The logistics alone add up to more time.

Arizona

Let us say for conversation's sake that what my dad told me about the Arizona episode happened in the period of a week. Let's say that after Ohio he and his colleagues were flown to eastern Arizona. That flight and the arrival processing would suck up the better part of the first day. If a rescue operation, as my dad stated it was, time was of the essence and the operations involved would have been conducted with a sense of urgency. That could reasonably serve a short version though is admittedly pushing it.

The morning after arrival and check-in with briefings and the like would most certainly mean hitting the ground running. There was, after all, a lost pilot to recover. Based on what little my dad actually said about what happened, the fatal encounter with the underground people could have happened on the first day that he was involved with the operation. Not knowing exactly what happened after this, I am left to assume that he was put on a plane and sent back to Alabama.

As you have likely already guessed, issues emerge with just the timing aspect alone. The point, however, is that the Arizona episode *could* have happened in a period of a few days to a week and my mom simply doesn't recall not seeing him for that particular period of time.

This is a good point at which to acknowledge that the timing question serves another possibility which we'll explore later. For now, let us again continue with my dad's tale as he told it.

So with it being possible that my dad's 1958 adventure in Arizona on a UFO retrieval and rescue operation could have happened during the course of a week of his identified training period, let us now consider the extent of the operation apparently already in progress, per my father.

The Operation

The story is simple: The craft crashed just outside the border of the subterranean realm and the pilot was lost on the surface, essentially somewhere in the desert or canyons east of Winslow, Arizona.

We at least have a place to pin our examination.

Winslow started as a water stop for the railroad and grew into one of the many small towns along old Route 66. It sits in Navajo County and is roughly 40 miles east of the well known Meteor Crater impact site where the 1984 movie *Starman* was filmed. Meteor Crater is also where the Apollo astronauts conducted a portion of their training and this should be noted for it will be discussed again. Sixty miles east of Winslow lies the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest and it is east we shall go as my dad's story says the operation was happening.

The Painted Desert was named such by the mid 16th Century Francisco Coronado expedition on a quest for the legendary Seven Cities of Cibola. Immediately we may suspect another reason for a US government operation in the subterranean strata of this region. The Spanish heard stories of vast amounts of gold here. If they believed it, might the US government have thrown their hat into the gold-hunting ring, albeit four centuries later? We'll discuss that later. For now we'll look at the Petrified Forest.

Characterized by striking landscapes of grassy plains and rocky mesa badlands, the Petrified Forest is home to countless fossils and some petroglyphs, along with being territory of both the mysterious cultures of the Hohokam and the Mogollon. It is essentially a perfect place for anything to happen without anyone knowing about it, especially back in 1958. Was the lost pilot wandering the canyons, trying to find his way back home to the underground world - which, by the way, the Hohokam believed in?[29]

According to my dad, that was the case. The pilot was lost on the surface but the greater focus of the operation was allegedly underground, should the pilot have wandered below to reach the passage back home. That's where my dad said that he and his colleague encountered the 'others'. What exactly was going on down there?

There have been stories in recent years about underground extraterrestrial bases and gun battles between aliens and military personnel. When I started hearing such tales about twenty or so years ago, I did cock an ear because of what my dad had been telling me. But these stories were even more sensational than what my dad offered and they were (and remain) questionable, as is my dad's story. The significant differences between those versions and what I heard over the years is that my dad always insisted the people 'down there' are not extraterrestrials and the unfortunate encounter resulting in the death of an airman was the result of the two parties startling each other, not an act of hostile aggression or war.

The Others

So who and what are these 'other people'?

My dad said they were human beings who went underground during a planetary cataclysm and chose to remain there, developing and expanding their own civilization and technology separate from that above. When one thinks of the legends and lore of an Atlantean or Lemurian civilization destroyed in

the remote past, this scenario enters the realm of folklore and mythology. Even more to the point, when you look at Native American legends and mythology, my dad's scenario indeed resonates with the specific area where he claimed to have encountered the underground people.

In the wider context of both American continents, we find that some Native American lore tells of a world shaking disaster which sent their ancestors fleeing from their sinking homelands and landing by sea in the 'new world'. But ancient cultures of the southwestern United States tell a different story, one of the people fleeing catastrophe via descent into subterranean cavities. The Hopi tell us that we live in what they refer to as 'the fourth world', this being the fourth time mankind has lived on the surface following natural or other disasters[30].

Even more interestingly, the Hopi tell of mysterious 'Ant People' who helped them during said crisis. The Mandans also have such a legend, theirs about the 'Histoppa', a tattooed group of humans who were the first to attempt an emergence from the safety of the tunnels. They did not survive what they encountered above. The Apaches tell of ancient wanderings in tunnels, carrying their food with them in seeds and fruit plants to sustain themselves below, which implies an ecosystem one usually doesn't think of for down there. The Paiutes of Death Valley also speak of the underworld and we'll return to them momentarily. There is Cherokee lore of the subterranean 'moon-eyed' people who are blind in sunlight and pale are akin to what we find in these events discussed here, even though they were reported in Tennessee. [31]

Ancient North American mythologies are full of these legends and South America has them on steroids. The point is, there is an existing theme of a living underworld running through the centuries of mythology and folklore so one must consider this when looking at my dad's story.

After arriving in place in the Arizona underground, my dad and his colleagues would have been introduced to whomever supervised the rescue and retrieval operation, and this would likely have included an appearance by the man who was running it: the enigmatic Wilson.

As previously discussed, while in the hospital my dad was going on about a 'crystal house' and a man who was killed. He repeatedly referred to 'Wilson'. Fortunately I was the only visitor in the room at that moment and the nurses were busy elsewhere so no one else heard it. You will recall that my source and mentor, 'Colonel Lundy', instructed me to keep him off the subject when family members were around and that he would tell me about Wilson at another time.

I will return later to what I learned about Wilson but for now let's stay on the 1958 narrative.

After being briefed on specific tasks and likely receiving some sort of general instruction from Wilson, my dad and the other guys would likely be deployed to the section of the subterranean area for which they were responsible. Again, he didn't give any detail about what or how long anything had transpired between meeting Wilson and the moment they encountered the 'others'. He simply said they were making their way through the underground when they turned a corner and were startled by them.

According to my dad, they were confronted by a small group of pale humans who were blind but keenly adept with their other senses. My dad's air force teammate raised his weapon on reflex and that's when the leader of the other group raised his handheld object, leveling the simple tube at what

he perceived a threat. My dad said that the air force team member suddenly dropped to the ground, as dead as if a switch had been flipped off. And that is it, the end of the story.

It is of keen interest to me that, whenever he told the part about the air force guy being killed by whatever the tube thing was, my dad became very emotional and couldn't continue. The story always ends there.

I didn't realize when first hearing it that my dad's tale not only reflects the native lore, it also deeply resonates with UFO reports. Within the context of Wright-Patterson briefings and Roswell, there is more reason to consider just where my dad's story fits into the picture. But is there anything like what my dad encountered to be found in the annals of UFO reports?

Indeed there is.

The Tube That Stings Like Cactus Needles

The events in my dad's story bear striking resemblance to accounts told by UFO witnesses through the years and for this we must turn to Jacques Vallee, aspects of whose work, though much lauded by many, is still too often rejected for a preferred extraterrestrial conclusion.

Vallee writes in *Revelations: Alien Contact and Human Deception* (Ballantine 1991) about meeting with a man named Robert Scott of the Defense Audi Visual Agency:

*"Scott also told me that he had seen a UFO in **1959** while visiting some land seventy miles of north Phoenix in the company of a psychologist and a photographer. They saw the object for about one minute. Unfortunately, the photographer did not have his camera with him."*

Isn't that interesting? Not only the issue of a photographer not having his camera with him but also the location of the sighting.

Seventy miles roughly due north of Phoenix is the experimental town of Arcosanti and beyond that you get into Sedona, and all which that implies. If you head seventy miles northwest out of Phoenix, you find yourself in desert terrain west of the Prescott National Forest; and the same distance northeast from the city takes you beyond the Mazatzal Mountains into the area where the Kaibab National Forest meets the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest, about another seventy miles southwest from Winslow. I mention this case because it places a UFO sighting well within short flying proximity to Winslow and in 1959, the year after my dad claims he was there on a UFO rescue and retrieval operation.

But there are other UFO accounts to be considered within our context here. Most specifically the case of police officer Sgt Herbert Schirmer in December 1967.

A fairly standard account, Schirmer was patrolling a rural area around Ashland, Nebraska, when he noticed a bull exhibiting agitated behavior in a corral. While checking things out, Schirmer saw a UFO and encountered the occupants. Later, under hypnosis, Schirmer recalled one of the occupants pointing a 'rodlike' device at him and causing paralysis. Here we have a detail clearly similar to the tubular device that caused lethal paralysis as related in my dad's tale. And there's an even better example.

I previously referred to the Paiutes among those ancient American cultures with beliefs in an underground race. Paiute lore includes a mysterious civilization of 'Hav-musuvs' who fly in 'silvery sky canoes'. This provides another point of regional native history that could resonate with my dad's account, but it's the other device the Hav-Musuvs are known for which most definitely relates: a small ***hand-held tube*** that **stuns** enemies with a sensation likened to stinging cactus needles -- and it ***paralyzes*** them[32]

These incidents, and the lore to which they appear to relate, suggests that my dad's encounter as he told it was not an isolated experience. It clearly demonstrates that in Schirmer we have another reported encounter hundreds of miles away -- and almost a decade later -- in which the witness experienced the same detail of the tube or rod-like device that causes various levels of paralysis. Some might say that the Schirmer encounter validates my dad's story, and I recognize that logic. But there remains more to consider before going quite there and we'll return to it.

So what do we have here?

SUMMARY

I cannot exactly commit to my father having gone to the Arizona site during his TDY at Gunter AFB. Unless my mom is completely off, it appears he wasn't away from Montgomery long enough. The only remaining option is that Arizona happened after he returned to California and got married to my mom, sometime during his last few months of active duty. My mom recalls a period of several days after their wedding during which she stayed with family in Los Angeles while my dad was ostensibly up in Victorville.

My dad's encounter includes elements of local native lore suggesting that he was indeed there. The Schirmer UFO encounter featuring a UFO occupant wielding a tube that paralyzes is a compelling resonance.

But we can't leave Arizona just yet because we haven't looked at that enigmatic man behind the curtain.

It's time to get to know the mysterious Wilson...

CHAPTER FIVE

Ride, Captain, ride
Upon your mystery ship
On your way to a world
That others might have missed...

-- Mike Pinera & Frank Konte

Where to begin?

This chapter covers what is likely some of the most curious and outlandish material in this book, and possibly among the most critical to the situation. It will leave you wondering and it may even make you put the book down to dismiss the whole thing. However, one cannot look at my dad's story without dealing with the most mysterious character at the center this and much else of what I've written about for the past few years.

When my father muttered his name repeatedly while under heavy sedation in the hospital, I thought perhaps that Wilson was the man killed by the mysterious tube device. I was soon to learn otherwise. As mentioned before, as soon as I could get to a phone (this was 1991, remember), I called my closest source, 'Colonel Lundy', and told him what my dad had been saying. I asked, "Who is Wilson?"

The Smartest Man In The World

A few years passed and I finally got the question answered. After earning a commission in the US Air

Force and upon completion of the investigations course, I commenced duty as a Special Agent of the AFOSI in April of 1994[33]. Within a few weeks, Col Lundy had made one of his many unannounced visits to California, where I was stationed in Los Angeles and the subject of Wilson was now appropriate for us to discuss. The colonel's answer to my initial question was this: *"Wilson is the smartest man in the world who you've never heard of. He's a genius."*

Naturally, I asked what he had to do with my dad, a 'crystal house' and the man who was killed. The Colonel waved me on to follow him and we went for one of our many 'walking talks', as I call them. These were more akin to briefings between intelligence agents.

"Wilson was in charge of a project your dad was on when he was in the air force. Yes, it relates to what he's told you regarding that event in New Mexico and what followed. The man who died was different man."

When I asked about the 'crystal house', he would not tell me. "You don't need to know that yet.[34]" He instead instructed me to get my dad to talk more about Wilson.

Those of you who have read my books *Empire of the Wheel 2: Friends From Sonora* and *Origin: The Nineteenth Century Emergence of the 20th Century Breakaway Civilizations* know that I have written about the Wilsons associated with the Sonora Aero Club and the 1890s airship mystery. The Wilson my father encountered is apparently in that family.

How can I claim such a thing? I've written previously on how the Wilson of my dad's tale relates to the Wilsons of the airship mysteries[35]. It is an interesting episode and I will share it here, though I can't yet place exactly when it happened.

My understanding has always been that my dad's first encounter with Wilson was in the underground operation in Arizona. However, I was told by Colonel Lundy that my dad and a couple other guys had been released from the operation because somehow they had pissed off the genius project manager. Looking at it one way, you would assume this would have been the last my dad ever worked on anything of Wilson's and it may have been. Still, there is another project in the mix which I haven't been able to place chronologically.

A Momentary Detour

Among the things my father told me when he was in the hospital the last year of his life was the experience with Wilson in California's Mojave Desert, not far from where I live now. He told me of witnessing a demonstration of an anti-gravity technology device designed by the Wilsons ostensibly for the US Air Force. Yes, that was plural. There were two Wilsons present on that day.

According to my dad, the demonstration was staged in an off-site location he would refer to only as 'Whisper Canyon'. The same Wilson who ran the Arizona recovery operation allegedly demonstrated the device with the participation of an older Wilson who my dad said was known as 'Professor' and described as 'the old man'. He also said the Professor's first name was 'Hiram'.

Clang! Do you hear that loud bell?

That name is certainly a bell ringer for anyone who has sincerely looked at the 1890s airship mystery

because Hiram Wilson is among the Wilsons named by witnesses in the reports of the time. So let's look at the lineage of the airship Wilsons for a moment. Was it the same guy?

The first Wilson identified in the airship mysteries was Tosh Willson of the Sonora Aero Club. The spelling difference could have been an error by the German source of the legend, Charles Dellschau. This 'Willson' had been a member of the club in the mid 1850s. Following him were the 1890s Wilsons, spelled with one L, identified in that late chapter of airship mystery lore. The two are identified as Willard and Hiram and you can find my lengthier analysis of them in Chapter Nine of my last book, *Origin:The Nineteenth Century Emergence of the 20th Century Breakaway Civilizations* (Corvos 2015).

The Hiram my father referred to as 'the old man' or 'Professor Wilson' may likely have been related to these 1890s Wilsons if not possibly *the* Hiram of that duo. In my previous book I calculate how that is indeed possible.

While investigating the members of the Sonora Aero Club, Pete Navarro came across a report in the *Galveston Daily News* possibly of 22 April 1897[36] which discusses a letter allegedly written by someone who had witnessed one of the mystery airships and encountered the pilot and crew. The letter identified the pilot as named Wilson -- but the witness could not be further questioned as he had died in a drowning accident shortly after. The letter-writing witness was described as having studied physics and having a 'scientific turn of mind'. Might he actually have been recruited by Wilson of the airship and not really have died?

The names are not the only point of resonance between the airship mystery Wilsons and my dad's story. There are the specifics of the alleged technology.

A witness named Hopkins reports in April of 1897 that one of the airship Wilsons demonstrated how the anti-gravity apparatus of his airship was activated by the tapping of a 'finger of metal'[37]. This has particularly pertinent meaning to my dad's account in Whisper Canyon in the late 1950s.

If an airship mystery Wilson named 'Hiram' was in his twenties in the mid to late 1890s, by 1958 he would have been in his seventies. That could fit an 'old man' called the 'Professor'. Was it the same Hiram Wilson? Could it have been?

I think so. As demonstrated, he could certainly have still been alive fifty years after first coming on the scene in the 1890s airship mystery. And no matter how many Hirams the naysayers will point out, we're talking about a Hiram Wilson involved in a story of anti-gravity technology who shares the same exact name as another Hiram Wilson identified with a story about anti-gravity technology. Exactly how many Hiram Wilsons associated with anti-gravity tales are there, Mister Pissy?

Personally, my conclusion is that my dad was talking about either the same Hiram Wilson of the airship mystery or more likely that Hiram Wilson's son or nephew, if Hiram the First was actually older than his twenties in the 1890s. You get my point. To shave it finer, recall that Col Lundy told me in the mid 1990s that the Wilson my dad referred to, relative to the underground operation in Arizona, was the most brilliant man I had never heard of, both implying and subsequently stating that said Wilson was still alive. He could very well have been 'Professor' Hiram Wilson's son.

Put 'Professor' Hiram in his twenties in the mid-late 1890s and say he doesn't father a child for

another ten years or more. That means Wilson the younger could have been born as late as 1910 or after, likely before 1920. Thus in 1958, he would have been just shy of fifty and by 1996 in his eighties but still alive. Here's the deal: I can't be much off on the early end of the younger Wilson's birth and if I'm wrong on the later end, that makes it even more possible that he was still alive in the 1990s.

And we haven't even yet considered the possibility that Wilson the younger was a nephew or even a grandson of the actual 1890s Wilson thus born later than proposed. You see where I'm going with this and I'll not belabor the point more than I already have. I don't know the exact relation but I'm convinced my dad's Wilson would logically be one of the 'airship' anti-gravity Wilson clan.

The Flying Squares

So there was my dad in 'Whisper Canyon', present for a demonstration of what he referred to as a 'flying square', a large platform that was equipped with some sort of anti-gravity technology that the Wilsons supposedly controlled via a hand-held box and a small hammer.

The 'flying square' was large but my dad didn't specify the exact dimensions, only that it was sufficiently sized for cargo and personnel. From one corner of this platform there protruded a metal tab, or 'finger', which when tapped by Wilson activated the platform. Sound familiar?

My dad said that when Wilson tapped the small metal tab on one corner of the square platform the platform then floated a few inches off the ground. In the 1890s account, the pilot Wilson demonstrates the airship propulsion mechanism and the tapping of a small finger (or tab) of metal activates the machinery. This is looking like the same basic technology so why not the same Wilson(s)?

Almost sixty years later, 'Professor' Hiram Wilson used controls on the hand-held box, specifically a sliding knob, to raise the platform up into the sky and bring it back down again. I kid you not, this is what my dad told me that he witnessed. He said the platform could be raised to high altitudes so that materiel and personnel could be transferred to or from aircraft or, presumably, spacecraft. My dad said he saw this himself. He did not say what subsequently happened with this technology.

What nags me is when did this demonstration happen? Prior to his 1958 TDY to Gunter AFB? Did it happen after his return with my mom, while she was in Los Angeles? If perhaps it happened priot to the alleged 'training' TDY to Gunter, then what exactly was my dad involved in and for how long? [38]

Another question that intrigues the hell out of me is where exactly is Whisper Canyon? My dad gave me a general location but I am not going to reveal that in this book as I am still pursuing it myself. Yes, it is in Southern California, in San Bernardino County. With what I've written about telluric current 'ley lines', you can imagine how I hope to find this canyon.

Interestingly, a few years ago in *UFO Magazine*, there was an article about flying platforms reported by UFO witnesses[39]. Could this be a later generation of the same technology demonstrated decades prior by the Wilsons?

That is all I know of the flying platform episode involving the Wilsons, so we'll now return to the

Arizona operation in 1958.

Back Down The Rabbit Hole

I was told by Colonel Lundy that Wilson (the younger) was the man in charge of the recovery/retrieval operation deployed to assist the underground civilization to which the missing pilot belonged. I was not told whether Wilson was himself in the military but he certainly could have been. He didn't need to be, though. As a civilian in a top scientific position for the US government, Wilson could still very well have been running the operation.

I remember that the first time, other than with Colonel Lundy or my dad, that I spoke to anyone about Wilson was with Joseph P. Farrell.

It was very late one night in Kempton, Illinois, and we were staying at one of David Hatcher Childress' World Explorer Club houses during a conference weekend in 2004. Dorothy Murdoch was with us that night and we had been discussing stuff I can't entirely recall. It's the Wilson discussion I can't forget.

In a hushed tone I asked Joseph if he'd ever heard of Wilson. Dorothy noticed his somewhat piqued reaction to the question. His reply I will never forget: "In the morning, run -- don't walk -- to David's bookstore and get the novel *Genesis* by Harbinson. I believe there is only one copy remaining on the shelf."

Yes, Joseph had heard of Wilson. We talked briefly about him and then moved on to something else. I indeed purchased the final copy of Harbinson's novel from the AUP shelf, though I didn't read it until after returning home to California.

Harbinson's Wilson was certainly inspired by the airship mysteries of the 1890s, including the Iowa birthplace, though he is fictionalized 'legendary' person to begin with so I tend to greatly differ in opinion with the exact characterization. However, there Wilson is in the milieu of Nazi survival and saucer lore, a twentieth century mad genius who is certainly contemporary with the Wilson my dad said he encountered. This is what impresses me most with Harbinson's character because I'm left with the suspicion that the author (or someone he knew) had heard firsthand accounts of the same man. Or Harbinson's source possibly knew the real Wilson, though I still think Harbinson took wild creative license for the purpose of drama.[40]

But most intriguing about Harbinson's book to me are other subtle hints that my dad's story may have legs. Chapter One begins at 'Winslow Air Base' in Arizona. One character in the book who had worked with ATIC at Wright-Patterson cites a UFO sighting over Maxwell AFB in Montgomery and again refers to Maxwell in reference to Project Blue Book. Just as resonant with my dad's tale is when one of Harbinson's characters describes another character's reluctance: *"...There's a point in his narrative beyond which he refuses to go. That point, obviously, is the actual incident that kicked him off, but he just doesn't want to face up to it."*[41]

I have to wonder just what Harbinson learned about this whole thing.

SUMMARY

That a mysterious Wilson is on the stage of this story is one of its most significant points. I've tried identifying the Wilson of my dad's tale but the only possibility I turned up was the Wilson discussed in *Origin*, i.e. the mystery airship lore. I sincerely doubt that my father had ever read the airship mystery literature and learned of Wilson, certainly not prior to his 1991 hospitalization during which he first mentioned the man.

But was Wilson real?

Colonel Lundy said he was and his description of Wilson would essentially match what I would subsequently learn when a decade later I would read the airship mystery literature for the first time.

So that's what I know of this enigmatic fellow who stands just beyond the edge of light where a relative few have encountered him. Is there a younger Wilson waiting to emerge onto on the scene?

Let's press on...

CHAPTER SIX

Into the distance a ribbon of black
Stretched to the point of no turning back...

-- David Gilmour, Anthony Moore
Bob Ezrin, Jon Carin

One element of my dad's adventure into weirdland involves his claim to have had flight training directly associated to the underground Arizona project. This raises a question of just how big the subterranean realm may be. Scientific authorities tell us there are no such places, at least not as referred to by my dad and other anecdotal witnesses. Later on I can better discuss in measurable means the subterranean construction that has gone on down there. For now, my dad said there were huge areas under the surface of the planet.

Were they big enough to fly aircraft down there?

Flight Training & Technology Transfer

I was told by my dad that the Arizona situation involved technology transfer. A small-frame aircraft that he called the 'Zipper' was, according to him, deployed underground to be exchanged with the other civilization for whatever their end of the agreement might have been. However, I have in a previous chapter already addressed the issue of the moniker 'Zipper' actually belonging to the F-104 so this mysterious little craft described by my dad will have to remain nameless.

According to my dad, this small craft was not the only thing flown around down below. He also stated that small helicopters were flown in the subterranean spaces that were apparently vast enough to accommodate the use of the small aircraft. My dad said he had been trained to fly these small helicopters and that was part of what he and some of his colleagues were doing on this deeply classified operation.

Here we come to a point that stuck with me during the analysis of the time line of events regarding my dad's TDY to Alabama.

Nothing in my dad's DD214 reveals flight training of any kind. But that does not necessarily mean it didn't happen. Nothing in his DD214 reveals any specific details of anything he did in his described duties, as nothing in my DD214 reveals the specifics of my cases or counterespionage operations, as nothing in anyone's DD214 reveals such specific details of what they did. You get the point. It's not the discharge paper that tells the whole story, even if you know how to read between the lines on it. However, the full personnel training record can be more useful in that regard if you can get your hands on it.

As of this moment, I am still waiting for a response to a request for my dad's personnel records file or at least a copy. I'm not holding my breath. My experience is that anything sufficiently classified will not be released in a personnel records request and, if my dad's story has any truth, it would have a need-to-know status. But we may yet have clues enough to speculate.

Because there is no available record of when my father departed George AFB to go to Gunter AFB, we have no idea what may have occurred along the way. Last I checked, when you drive from Victorville, California, to Montgomery, Alabama, along old Route 66, you go through a hunk of Texas. And in 1958, US Air Force helicopter flight training was conducted in Texas, at Randolph AFB.

That means simply that my dad could -- not necessarily did, but indeed *could* -- have received helicopter flight training prior to continuing on to Alabama. Thus the part of his story about flying those small helicopters while in Arizona could have some nugget of fact buried in there.

And what of those small helicopters?

The Huskie

Designed in 1947 by German engineer Anton Flettner, the HTK-1 'Huskie' first flew that same year as a US Navy prototype and was subsequently made operational[42]. The Huskie utilized a counter-rotating rotor arrangement and used servo flaps for control. It did not have a tail rotor. The small helicopter was only 25 feet long, 17 feet high, and weighed under 10,000lbs. It was known for its steady hovering capability. All of these specifications suggest ideal suitability in relatively small areas -- like subterranean cavities perhaps?

After 1954, the US Air Force employed the Huskie, version H-43A, as a **search and rescue** operation aircraft[43]. It seated two pilots and two rescue personnel. In the following decade, the USAF Huskies flew more search and rescue missions during the Vietnam war than all other aircraft combined because of its renowned hovering capability. In 1958, USAF Huskie pilots were trained at Randolph AFB in Texas until July when the training moved to Stead AFB in Reno, Nevada.

So do we have corroboration? My dad always said he had received some flight training and in the end identified it as small frame helicopter training. The Huskie fits that bill. My dad also linked this training -- as did my source Colonel Lundy -- to his mysterious Arizona episode, claiming to have flown the little helicopters in the subterranean regions. Again, the Huskie was suitable for that, certainly attributable to its hovering capability that would have been essential in tight quarters. The Huskie was used for search and rescue, again a bingo. Was my dad trained to fly the Huskie?

I cannot for certain answer that question but I can firmly say that it was indeed possible. Not expected in Montgomery until 30 June, that means helicopter flight training was still schooled at Randolph AFB in Texas, on the road between George AFB and Alabama. At the time, USAF helicopter pilots received 30 hours of flight training, plus whatever ground school was required. It should also be pointed that I have no idea what route my dad took to Alabama thus he could very well have taken a more direct route to Randolph AFB than 66[44]

Not knowing how long my dad was away from George AFB that summer of 1958, it must be considered *possible* that he indeed received helicopter pilot training but I must admit I have a remaining spot of difficulty with this part of his story.

That there is zero mention of this on his DD214 strongly points to a conclusion that it did not happen, my prior statement regarding what is and isn't specified on a DD214 notwithstanding. However, my dad was indeed involved in early USAF space science. If said training were directly associated with a space program classified sufficiently high enough, it is very possible that any such training would not be part of his public record, and certainly never on a DD214. If he did screw up somehow and got canned from the operation by its alleged executive, a special personnel training record would get buried if not destroyed. I remind the reader that the United States does not have a 50-year rule like other nations: classified information remains so until deemed otherwise by a proper authority.

Having illustrated that my father *could* have indeed received helicopter flight training on the way to Gunter AFB, especially on a helicopter uniquely suited to exactly what he described it was used for, we can return to the technology transfer question as it also allegedly involved a small aircraft[45]

What Could We Possibly Offer?

What exactly was this technology deal based on? My dad claimed it was arranged in exchange for our assistance with search and rescue of their lost pilot. That's what we offered in assistance but what could we have that the other civilization, presuming it was there and possessed whatever was so special about their downed craft, would want?

This is where many people make the hilariously ignorant mistake of assuming things about civilizations with advanced flying machines. It could be that this particular hidden civilization that *presumably* possessed advanced propulsion flying machines might not have been quite so comprehensively more advanced than us.

I laugh when I hear anyone say that an ET civilization possessed of advanced technology would no longer have an interest in war. I just recently heard a respected UFO researcher/author say essentially those exact words and I laughed out loud as I turned off the radio. This ridiculous assumption is repeatedly embraced by and parroted in the alternative research media community. It's one of the dumbest examples of wishful thinking I've ever heard. It is simply childish.

Personally, I'm convinced that whoever is out there is likely very little different from us. For the most part they may prefer to avoid war but are probably just as willing and ready to engage if necessary, and they certainly want to be prepared to deal with us 'lesser and hostile brutes' on our own 'unworthy' terms. Thus do I say that any argument for the mysterious hidden civilization living in the subterranean realm necessarily being more advanced than us in every way simply because they fly an anti-gravity craft (*IF* they do) is bullshit. And in a book like this, which for some people is itself going be considered bullshit, you know I must be serious.

It's quite possible they had something we would like and vice versa. That would explain any tech transfer aspect to the operation that I was told was involved. And if tech transfer was involved, then it makes sense if a member of the airship anti-gravity genius Wilson clan was there. Why not? He was allegedly our anti-gravity guy.

For the record, my duties as an AFOSI agent assigned to counterespionage operations required daily exposure to defense technology of the USAF. There is another section in the organization whose specific full time job is to protect the most advanced Air Force technology and they do a hell of a job. Any involvement with such stuff gives one a familiarity with the basics of how the secret technology world works, especially within a military context. It also exposes one to varying degrees of how advanced our defense technology actually is or may be.

In my professional experience, I can honestly say that nothing my dad told me about the technology he witnessed, or about the mysterious Wilson, is out of the realm of possibility -- at all.

SUMMARY

In this chapter I have probably put to rest my dad's 'Zipper' reference which was likely a result of his injuries prior to using the moniker.

However, I am confident that the 'Huskie' helicopter could have been used in a vast subterranean cavity per the specifications and capabilities of the H-43A -- and we know it is fact that the USAF was using this particular aircraft at the time my dad claimed to have received helicopter training and flew one underground. This is as important a point as is Wilson's presence in the story, maybe even more so. The Huskie is documented history and you can go see one in a museum somewhere.

I have also considered that the technology transfer aspect my dad told me about suggests something very down-to-earth about the mysterious underground people: That they would have entered into such an agreement to begin with implies some level of parity of limits with our own technology. If this was not the case, what did we have to meet our end of the obligation?

There is a disturbing possibility.

Some might say that this scenario could represent the rumored deal in which we received advanced technology and the Others were given license to abduct our people.

There may indeed be something to it...

CHAPTER SEVEN

We come from the land of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow
How soft your fields so green
Can whisper tales of gore
Of how we calmed the tides of war
We are your overlords...
-- Jimmy Page & Robert Plant

So who were these hidden people whose pilot crashed in eastern Arizona in 1958? Was it the blind ones who killed the man on the patrol with my father? The way my dad tells the story, it's difficult to determine, however UFO reports may offer clarification.

When I first read the works of Jacques Vallee several years ago, I could not dismiss the stunning likeness between some of the key incidents he presents and certain details of my father's tale.

In *Dimensions: A Casebook of Alien Contact* (1988), *Revelations: Alien Contact and Human Deception* (1991), and the classic book which preceded them, *Passport To Magonia: On UFOs, Folklore, and Parallel Worlds* (1969.1993), Jacques Vallee presents his initial observation and repeated findings that UFO encounters with supposed extraterrestrials were stunningly comparable to historical encounters with fairies and other interdimensional beings of popular folklore.

Many researchers refer to this category of being as 'ultraterrestrial' to distinguish them as cohabitants with us in this world, as opposed to beings from other planets. These cohabitants sometimes live hidden in the recesses of the Earth or sometimes they are thought to inhabit a parallel plane or even in our same space but on a different vibration of a common physical reality spectrum. Vallee, as of publication of those identified works, appeared to have preferred the suggestion of an ultraterrestrial explanation for the UFO cases he studied[46]. *"Although I am among those who believe that UFOs are real physical objects, I do not think they are extraterrestrial in the ordinary sense of the term. In my view they present an exciting challenge to our concept of reality itself."*[47]

In *Passport To Magonia*, Vallee makes a few propositions based upon certain commonly reported details. For the purpose of his analysis, Vallee refers to reports as 'rumors' and he says the following: *"When the underlying archetypes are extracted from these rumors (reports), the saucer myth is seen to coincide to a remarkable degree with the fairy-faith of Celtic countries, the observations of the scholars of past ages, and the widespread belief among all peoples concerning entities whose physical and psychological descriptions place them in the same category as the present day ufonauts."*

Vallee points out that in the reports prior to the popularization of the big headed grey alien, and in some since, the occupants or pilots could be classified into mostly two common groups, though not including the airship humans or Nordics: Dark hairy dwarfs virtually identical to gnomes, complete with deep gruff voices; or taller 'sylphs' with smooth 'silvery' voices. It should be noted that Vallee does report this latter group as having larger heads[48] but they are regarded as human in appearance and not described at all like the popular 'greys' that many people assume populate all UFO encounters of the third kind. How many people getting their information about UFOs from current ET-centric media have ever heard of these two types which Vallee identifies? Few to none.

Vallee writes: *"Much can be accomplished, however, once it is realized that the observational material on hand since World War II -- the twenty thousand or so clear-cut, dated reports of UFOs in official and private files -- is nothing but a resurgence of a deep stream in human culture known in older times under various other names."*[49]

It is a fascinating perspective from which to view UFO encounters and I strongly recommend the reader refer to all of Vallee's work. It also happens to resonate strongly with my dad's tale so let's look at some specific cases that reflect the 'fairy' folklore theme.

The Others

"The modern global belief in flying saucers and their occupants is identical to an earlier belief in the fairy faith. The entities

described as the pilots of the craft are indistinguishable from the elves, sylphs and lutins of the Middle Ages. Through the observations of unidentified flying objects, we are concerned with an agency our ancestors knew well and regarded with terror: we are prying into the affairs of the Secret Commonwealth." says Jacques Vallee in *Passport To Magonia*.

First let us clarify that fairy beings were not always little winged sprites flitting around and enchanting everyone like a good-natured Tinkerbell. The fairy folk were taller yet otherwise basically indistinguishable from humans much of the time. They were also formidable in battle, reputed to be unforgiving combatants who vanquished resistance or, in some cases, were welcomed with open arms from the moment they arrived in our world. The image of glittery little butterfly people flitting around and giggling is the result of centuries of social conditioning specifically following the defeat of the Tuatha de Danann.

Who were the Tuatha de Danann? I have written about them before and will return to them here shortly. For now, let's look at a few cases, some which resemble details from my dad's encounter with the underground people, and then I'll share some details about this mysterious lost race of people which may raise your eyebrows.

In October of 1954, a miner working in France happened upon a strange fellow: small, of robustly solid stature, and quite hairy all over. The miner estimated this fellow's height to be about four feet. He had a big head, bulging eyes, a wide flat nose and thick red lips. This strange man seemed to have disappeared before the miner thought to engage him. About a week later, near Como, Italy, a similar man of four feet tall was encountered but this time the strange man was wearing a 'luminous suit' and when the witness attempted to approach him, the strange man rose from the ground and swiftly departed. The witness heard a distinct 'whirring' sound as the little being flew off.[50]

Then there is the vintage case of Joe Simonton, the Wisconsin chicken farmer who, in 1961, encountered a silver-colored saucer and the three occupants manning it.[51]

There were three of them and they wore black uniforms. Estimated to be a not so tall five feet, these men were clean shaven and swarthy, reportedly 'resembling Italians'. Simonton reported that one of the men requested water and another man was cooking on a grill of sorts. This man gave the farmer three cookies, often referred to as 'pancakes' in popular UFO literature and media. Subsequent analysis by the USAF showed the cookies, or pancakes, to be composed of simple buckwheat hulls, hydrogenated fat, starch, soy beans and wheat bran -- ordinary pancake ingredients. For all intents and purposes, Simonton's encounter seemed to be with humans and their very Earth-like technology. [52]

What makes the Simonton case so interesting here is its uncanny resemblance to fairy folklore. According to classic fairy literature and the research of W.A. Evans-Wentz, if a visitor or abductee to the fairy realm tastes their food while in their custody, he may not come back and might just become one of them[53]. Wentz also reported an Irish source who said the fairy folk eat fresh meat, drink pure water, and do *not eat salt*. Quite interesting when you recall Simonton being asked for water. And the cookies he was given? It is curious indeed that the USAF analysis did not find a trace of salt[54].

There is another interesting bit from the fairy lore casting a shimmering light on the Simonton case. It is the folk tale of the poor farming woman in France whose buckwheat field was ruined by the cow of the fairy folk who lived in a nearby cave. To make it up to her, the fairy folk began to supply her with

endless amounts of buckwheat cakes[55], requiring only that she not tell anyone of their deal. Of course, human nature being what it is, the woman told someone and the deal was soon off when the fairy folk learned of her violation. No more buckwheat cakes for her. Joe Simonton was given three buckwheat cookies. Is there a connection?

There might very well be and we'll return to this later in the book. The obvious point is that we are left to suspect Joe Simonton had actually encountered the fairy folk, albeit described in a contemporary context. Is that the big secret of the UFOs? Were the fairy folk simply misinterpreted ETs? Or are the ETs misinterpreted fairy folk?

Let's look another UFO story reflective of fairy lore, this one with potentially dark implications and more.

Gerry Irwin

This is one of my favorites[56].

In February of 1959, Private First Class Gerry Irwin was en route to Fort Bliss in El Paso, Texas, after spending time on leave in Idaho. Just a few miles outside of Cedar City, Utah, PFC Irwin noticed a strange glow in the distance which he feared may have been an airplane crash.

Parking his car on the side of the road, with a note telling passing motorists what he was doing and requesting someone call the police, Irwin went off toward the light with the idea in mind that he could help any crash survivors, if need be. A game warden happened along and found Irwin's note scrawled on the car. A search party was gathered and an hour and a half later they found Private Irwin unconscious. No sign of any plane crash was found.

Irwin was taken to a local hospital and found to have normal vital signs -- the doctors just simply could not wake him. When he did finally wake up, Irwin said he felt fine. His only concern was that he had apparently lost his jacket. Irwin was flown to Fort Bliss, his car presumably transported by the army, and observed in the base hospital there for four days. Irwin was cleared and returned to duty, though his security clearance was revoked.

The mystery had only begun. Irwin passed out several days later while walking across the base. He fainted again in downtown El Paso just days after that episode and this time was taken immediately to a hospital. When Irwin woke up he asked if there were any survivors. Apparently he had to be told what the date was because he thought it was still the February night that he was found off the road in Utah looking for a plane crash[57].

Irwin was again put under psychiatric observation at the Army hospital on Fort Bliss, this time for an entire month, and was again found to be perfectly normal. He was released from the hospital on 17 April 1959.

On 18 April, PFC Irwin left Fort Bliss without leave and traveled via bus back to Cedar City, Utah. Returning to the same spot where he said he had seen the strange lighted object he thought might be a crashed plane, Irwin continued onward through the hills and came to the spot where his missing coat lay. Curiously, there was a pencil placed in one of the buttonholes and slip of paper wound tightly around it. For some unknown reason, Irwin burned the paper and immediately emerged from the trance which had led him back to the spot. He turned himself in to the local sheriff and was taken back to Fort Bliss and again put under observation.

What was written on the slip of paper? The case details do not answer that question.

Once again, Irwin was found to be perfectly normal, but this time the Inspector General ordered yet another examination and Irwin was readmitted to the Army hospital on base in July of that year. And yet *again* they found nothing wrong with him. What were the Army psychiatrists so keen on finding?

They might never have found it and we may never know what exactly they were looking for because on 1 August 1959, PFC Gerry Irwin went AWOL.

He was never seen again.

What exactly was going on in the Irwin case?

I have some ideas but I'm saving that for a later chapter. I'll just say for now that a few things in this case stand out to me, things that were not likely considered through the usual ET UFO filter.

What, you ask, does the Gerry Irwin case have to do with fairy lore?

A lot.

The strange lights that first drew Irwin from his path, his repeated passing out and falling into a deep but otherwise uneventful sleep, and his ultimate disappearance. Each one of these facts of the Irwin case can be found in encounters between humans and fairy folk.

Who might PFC Irwin have met on that Utah highway that first night?

The Tuatha de Danann

Considered a divine race of beings, the Tuatha came from the sky in some versions of the legend, though some merely insinuate an unnamed homeland from which they fled. Still others claim they came from cities they had built in South America[58]. The Tuatha-back-from-the-Americas theory suggests the lore of the mysterious Quetzalcoatl and Viracocha who reportedly arrived in the ancient Americas from an eastern point across the sea and eventually returned to their homeland. Their exact origin remains a mystery.

With the Tuatha de Danann, according to Christopher Knight and Robert Lomas in *Uriel's Machine: Uncovering the Secrets of Stonehenge, Noah's Flood and the Dawn of Civilization* (Fair Winds, 1999/2001), came advanced knowledge and a major step forward in technology for those who embraced them and even those conquered by them. It is said that they brought four great treasures from their four greatest cities: the Sword, the Spear, the Magic Cauldron and the Stone of Destiny. Who were these people and why are

we discussing them?

'Tuatha de Danann' is interpreted to mean 'Children of the Goddess Anu'. Sometimes called 'Ana' or 'Danu', she is also known as 'Saint Brigit', for those who like their deities syncretized. Anu has also been interpreted to mean 'the waters of heaven or space' which is what the *Book of the Dun Cow* says about the original homeland location of the Tuatha. It is interesting to note that their rivals, the Fomorians, were reputed to have also come from the heavens and were described as terrible misshapen giants associated with being under the sea after their arrival on Earth.[59]

Readers of my *Empire of the Wheel 3: The Nameless Ones* and *Origin* should see the NYMZA fingerprint in the Fomorians. Let us proceed with the Tuatha as their lore hints a presence in my father's story.

It is the Tuatha de Danann about whom most of the fairy lore has been documented. It is within this lore we begin to see a direct association in some of the details of my father's strange encounter beginning with the subterranean aspect. When the Tuatha were defeated, according to the literature, they fled to the underworld, literally going *underground*.

Bruce Rux, in *Architects of the Underworld: Unriddling Atlantis, Anomalies of Mars and the Mystery of the Sphinx* (Frog, Ltd; 1996) hits the pertinent points: *"They have their sacred spaces and expect to be left alone there -- any wayfarer into their territory may be harassed or toyed with for their amusement, but they almost always leave their visitors with some benefit or present for their trouble, provided they accept their 'initiation' with a modicum of good grace."* (Pgs 351-352)

This is very interesting for here we have in the Tuatha almost exactly what my dad said about the 'hidden race' that he encountered: he said they wanted nothing to do with us, preferred to be left alone in their underground civilization. The aspect of being harassed or toyed with may be seen in the many quirky aspects of UFO encounters discussed in the works of Vallee and the reward 'for their trouble' might explain the pancakes Joe Simonton received or the exchange of knowledge my dad claimed to have occurred with the US Air Force.

It is what Rux writes of the Tuatha after the above that also eerily resonates with our discussion thus far: *"They reserve the rarely exercised right to take mortals of their choosing away with them -- permanently."* (Rux, PG 352).

Rux points out: *"Abduction is a constant element in all tales of the Fairy Folk"* They switch our newborn infants for their own and their women abduct our men to be their mates. Again we have here an obvious resonance with our modern stories of ETs stealing babies and abducted males enjoying sexual trysts with alien vixens. But Rux points out another little aspect of encounters with the underworld folk that starkly resembles both the aforementioned Gerry Irwin case, as well as an aspect of my dad's experience.

According to Rux, the underground Tuatha 'fairy folk' have the power to erase the memories of those who have visited their realm. *"No one who returns from Fairyland can remember what happened there."*

If they return.

Recall that Gerry Irwin would pass out and lose time, never describing where he ended up while he was missing. Irwin would wake and think it was the moment prior to passing out but we have no explanation for where he was exactly or what he was doing while missing -- because *he could not remember it himself*. And then came his final disappearance.

'They reserve the rarely exercised right to take mortals of their choosing away with them -- permanently...'

And of my father?

Recall what I've said about his story ending with the encounter in which another man was killed by the person with the tube. My dad would become very emotional and go no further -- as if he couldn't remember anything further, perhaps?

"The mind of a person coming out of Fairy Land is usually blank as to what has been seen and done there." wrote Walter Evans-Wentz in *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries.*

What of that tube?

According to lore, a 'magical' rod was a talisman used to effect transport back and forth between our world and the 'fairy realm'. Hermes carries a rod in one hand which he uses to 'spellbind' humans[60]. Might this 'magical rod' be the same device as the tube my dad reported in his story?

Let us not dismiss the native Paiute legend of the American Southwest about the mysterious Hav-Musuvs who flew 'sky canoes' and wielded the tube that paralyzes[61] -- placing this device in the ancient mythology of the region where events discussed in this book are supposed to have happened.

At this point in the analysis, we can reasonably suggest there is evidence for mysterious tube-wielding 'others' in subterranean Arizona in 1958, if we choose.

With the Hav-Musuvs in mind, was the underground search and rescue project my father described actually a venture into the subterranean realm of the long ago Tuatha de Danann? Might it have been the result of an approach by our government to establish diplomatic and practical alliance relations with the Tuatha? How nutty is it that I'm actually entertaining that question?

I will return to a previously quoted statement by Rux because of its significant resonance with my dad's story: *"The government began investigating the possibility that* ***the race behind the unknown spacecraft was one parallel to our own****, and* ***connected to human life from antiquity, no later than 1958****."* (Rux, Pg 418)

Rux is saying that the by 1958 the US government was considering the possibility that another group of beings linked to us in antiquity was the origin of the 'unknown' spaceraft, i.e. Roswell.

Says Jacques Vallee of the whole phenomenon of UFOS and their occupants: *"It may have been with us, in one form or another, as long as the human race has existed on this planet."*[62]

Are they human? Are they possessed of a technology so asymmetrical to our own that they appeared as magical beings? Are they the Tuatha de Danann?

In the very year of my dad claims his encounter with humans from a civilization that parted from our own in ancient times, and who are supposedly the answer to the Roswell crash mystery, Rux says was indeed the case.

I can't find what Rux is referring to in his intriguing statement about 1958, other than a loosely interpreted reference to the Robertson Panel and the Brookings Report which acknowledge a possibility of ancient relics on the Moon and Mars. The latter report is dated 1960 so perhaps this is

what Rux means.

Rux published his book in 1996. My dad was telling me his story as far back as the 1970s with the most resonant of details starting five years before Rux' book. Could my father have read the material from Rux' book elsewhere and been pulling my leg for decades? Yes, he could have, but I have nothing to point to in his life or known reading habits to suggest it.

It may be that what my dad claimed about his subterranean experience in 1958 is the event, or is among events in that year, which motivated said investigation to which Rux refers.

I don't think my father read the Rux book or got the details of his story from Rux' sources. There is another possibility which the patient reader will learn in the second part of this book. Is there any evidence that anyone associated with the US military ever even hinted at a scenario such as my dad or author Rux claimed?

We Have Had Help

Hermann Oberth, German astronautics expert who became instrumental in American space technology, is quoted as saying in 1974 the following: *"We cannot take the credit for our record advancement in certain scientific fields alone; we have had help."*[63]

When Oberth was asked from whom the help came, he replied: *"The people from other worlds."*

Then there is Werner von Braun who we are told said -- in 1959: *"We find ourselves faced by powers which are far stronger than we had hitherto assumed, and whose base is at present unknown to us. More I cannot say at present. We are now engaged in entering into closer contact with those powers, and in six or nine months' time it may be possible to speak with more precision on the matter."*[64]

Is what Von Braun said in 1959 a clue to what Rux refers to?

Oberth is quoted that we had help and just the year after my dad's story happened, Von Braun is quoted likewise, so much as saying that we are in some sort of diplomatic type situation with another party more powerful than us. These quotes are usually repeated as pretty compelling evidence of some sort of agreement between the US government and an extraterrestrial civilization, though it is rarely (if ever) pointed out that Von Braun's statement may not necessarily mean extraterrestrial and Oberth's comment could just as easily mean the hidden civilization, their subterranean realm being the 'other world'.

The question is did Oberth and Von Braun really say this?

I haven't yet found the evidence that they did not. That Von Braun's statement was supposedly made in 1959 cannot be dismissed within the context of discussion in this book. My dad claimed we made contact with the 'other world' by 1958 and just the following year the leading scientist of the US space program is making a statement about an unidentified party more powerful than us. What are we supposed to think?

Could the Tuatha de Danann, the Children of the Goddess Anu, be that powerful force from the 'other world' that Oberth and Von Braun referred to?

Of course they could. What is more certain, based on everything we've considered so far, is that something appears to have been going on in the late 1950s that has left people with a bunch of curious reasons to wonder if the US military had indeed made contact with people from another world.

SUMMARY

I have demonstrated that material from human folklore and modern UFO history resonates with my father's story and suggests an alternative but no less astonishing possibility than the popular ET assumption. Respected scientist and scholar Jacques Vallee has made multiple statements over the years in support of this alternative.

We have taken specific notice of the Tuatha de Danann, a race of mysterious people spoken of in folklore yet showing no apparent sign of being among us today.

The Tuatha de Danann are associated with objects and abilities and an abode suspiciously similar to native mythology in the very region where my father says he encountered like people.

Some of the specifics of my father's encounter with the underground people are identical to the folklore, as are independent UFO reports like Schirmer and the mysterious case of Gerry Irwin.

One of the very talents of the mysterious folkloric beings is blocking or erasing the memory of anyone who visits their realm. This is reflected in my father's tale in how he told it. There are conspicuous gaps in his telling.

Is This All There Is?

I could have ended this book here, concluding that enough circumstantial evidence exists to claim my father's story inarguable and somewhat ironically make my contribution to the popular and prevailing general theory of ufology, that the answer must indeed be not of this world.

Up to this point, I have introduced the reader to my dad's strange episode and we have looked at some extraordinary (even fantastic) data that would appear to confirm the story as told. We have also considered historical and documented facts. However, I have yet to present all that there is relative to this situation because I wanted to present my dad's story in the only way I knew and interpreted it up until now.

Before you read further, I will reconfirm that I do not reject the existence of extraterrestrials. On the contrary, I think the foolish position is to expect irrefutable proof before seriously considering that they likely exist. My personal opinion is that extraterrestrials do exist, have often come to this planet and probably still do.

But extraterrestrials do not satisfactorily explain my dad's story. I am even more intrigued with the idea of the lost race of the Secret Commonwealth discussed by Jacques Vallee and Walter Evans-Wentz before him. I am also personally convinced that, like ETs, they do exist, in one way or another.

In the background of my father's story -- and much of UFO related lore since WW2 -- there lurks a giant shadow over everything discussed so far in this book (and in my others). Because what casts this shadow bears *direct* and *definitive* impact upon my dad's story, it cannot be dismissed as it

usually is by the true believers of that other popular paradigm.

As intriguing and thrilling as the strange tale of Staff Sgt Charles Bosley may indeed be, the time has come to tell the rest of the tale...

CHAPTER EIGHT

Fly me to the Moon
Let me play among the stars
Let me see what spring is like
On Jupiter and Mars
In other words, hold my hand...
-- Bart Howard

It really begins with the story of aviation medicine for therein lie the deepest secrets of the military industrial complex which emerged following World War Two.

I'll forego the usual romanticized narrative about man and flight, the romance of aviation. We've all heard it ad nauseum and Tom Wolfe did it best anyway. Suffice it to say that in the years leading up to the Second World War, all the leading nations of the world were striving to go higher and faster than anyone else. In the background of this effort was a somewhat veiled pursuit of manned spaceflight. The United States was very much involved in this pursuit especially where military air power was concerned, in spite of early misgivings between military branches.

Now one might react to the subject of aviation medicine with a yawning disinterest. After all, pilots in screaming jets racing to the stars are a much more exciting image than military personnel in white coats with needles and enema probes. However, as I learned while working on this book, aviation medicine was at the heart of some mad pursuits of dark science and appears to have been driving one of the most notorious government programs in history.

For America, it began with Major General Harry Armstrong, USAF.

Born in South Dakota in 1899, Harry Armstong served in the Marine Corps during WW1 before earning his medical degree from the University of Louisville. During the war, the US Army had established the Air Service Medical Research Laboratory at Hazelhurst, Long Island, which was eventually combined with the School for Flight Surgeons. Armstrong had already been attending the joint programs of these schools for over a year by the time they combined to form the School of Aviation Medicine in November, 1922.[65]

Following assignment as a US Army Air Corps flight surgeon in 1931, Armstrong would establish the Aero-Medical Laboratory at Wright Field in Ohio four years later. During his five-year assignment running the Laboratory, he earned his master of science degree at the University of Cincinnati and a master of arts from the University of Toronto. After a short assignment in London, Armstrong went to Randolph Field in Texas to establish a research laboratory for the School of Aviation Medicine until war broke out again and he was sent to the European theater to eventually become chief flight surgeon of the Eighth Army. That was how he ended up chief surgeon in the Air Division in the office of the Military Government for Germany in Berlin after the war. [66]

But Harry Armstrong was more than his official US Air Force biography. He was a dedicated research scientist who published 105 scientific papers in aerospace medicine. He is known for discovering the 'Armstrong Limit', the altitude at which water begins to boil at the temperature of the human body. He led America's scientific accomplishments in protecting air crews from the extremes of high altitude, as well as the development of improved oxygen delivery during his time running the Laboratory. Armstrong was renowned for being the first flight surgeon to have made a free fall parachute jump but it was what he did while at Wright Field in 1934 that bears first impact on our story.[67]

Harry Armstrong was appointed director of the Physiological Research Unit and here he commandeered the single old US Army iron low pressure chamber from which he developed the Air Corps first altitude chambers. Armstrong was essentially the creator of the physiological training division of the USAF which my father would be assigned.[68] Certain significant events would occur between Armstrong's pioneer trailblazing at Wright Field and my dad's enlistment.

In 1937, then Captain Armstrong attended the first international convention of the Aero Medical Association hosted in at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. It was at this conference Armstrong would meet Dr. Hubertus Strughold, his counterpart in Germany for the Luftwaffe. The two doctors admired each other's work and became friendly from the start.[69]

There was much for Armstrong to admire in Strughold, for the German doctor had accomplished his own exploits in aviation medical science as well. From the lifelong impact that seeing Halley's Comet had on him to his daring exploits strapped into nosediving biplanes so that he and the pilot could blackout and provide valuable research data, Strughold was every bit Armstrong's match. The German aviation scientist would earn a Rockefeller Fellowship and attend the University of Chicago where he would test the effects of oxygen deficiency on live dogs smuggled in from Canada, which might have been a red flag but instead went ignored.[70]

Before meeting Armstrong, Hubertus Strughold had been appointed director of the Aviation Medical Research Institute of the Reich Air Ministry in Berlin through his friendship with the pilot who flew the crazy blackout experiments, Robert Ritter von Greim who was tight with the inner circle of the Nazi party. In fact, Von Greim had been requested personally by Hermann Goring to thumb their collective noses at the Treaty of Versailles and rebuild the German air force, that's how highly regarded he was by the Nazis. His buddy Strughold benefited from the association, ending up directly subordinate to Erich Hippke, chief of the Luftwaffe medical corps who himself reported to Goring. Strughold eventually became one of the most powerful medical scientists in the Third Reich.[71]

Among Strughold's contributions to aviation medicine, on behalf of the Luftwaffe, was his research using early German altitude chambers. At first, prior to the war, Strughold used himself and his staff assistants in experiments and tests, but things became murky once the war started and his association with Theodore Benziger and Siegfried Ruff.[72]

Dr Theodore Benziger was assigned to the Experimental Station of the Air Force (Luftwaffe) Research Center in Rechlin and Dr Siegfried Ruff worked out of the German Experimental Station for Aviation Medicine in the Aero Medical division in Berlin. Benziger, who was a Luftwaffe officer during the war, also experimented on himself and colleagues, one of whom died in the pursuit of understanding the effects of oxygen deprivation. Among Benziger's risky exploits involved investigating explosive decompression. Benziger won the Iron Cross as a combat pilot.[73]

Siegfried Ruff had been assigned by Strughold to conduct research on the effects of g-forces on pilots and air crews. An enthusiastic Nazi party member, Ruff supervised gruesome medical experiments at Dachau, the notorious high-altitude studies in Experimental Cell Block Five among them. Ruff and Strughold co-authored scientific articles together, considered quite the collaboration by the US Army Air Corps who used one of their wartime articles to gather intelligence on German scientists and what they were accomplishing for the Luftwaffe.[74]

Following the war, now Colonel Armstrong would assign Strughold to be a director of the Army Air Force Aero Medical lab in Heidelberg. This was a classified facility and Strughold brought his friends Benziger and Ruff into the fold into the newly established American facility that had once been the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Medical Research. Classified 'Top Secret', their mission statement may have said it all: "The exploitation of certain uncompleted German aviation medical research projects."[75]

Thus was the true impetus for Operation Paperclip conceived.

Annie Jacobsen, in her book *Operation Paperclip: The Secret Intelligence Program That Brought Nazis To America*, cites the amazement of US Army Air Corps commanders and scientists at the advanced wonders of German technology: *"There was equipment here that American physicians had never seen before: esoteric items including a Nagel Anomaloscope, a Zeiss-made interferometer, an Engelking-Hartung adaptometer, a Schmidt-Haensch photometer, and a precision-built Siemens electron microscope -- with which to study night vision, blood circulation, g-forces and the bends."*[76]

This was nothing short of magic to the US Army scientists and they had to have some to play with, too.

During the last months of the war in Europe, Allied forces were scrambling to capture the various weapons technologies developed by the Germans[77]. Not to be left out, the US Army Air Forces were being directed from Wright Field to gather as much Luftwaffe equipment and engineers as they could capture[78]. Sometimes this effort involved working with Ian Fleming's legendary 30 Assault Unit, itself gathering goodies on classified operations for British Intelligence[79]. It was during the aftermath of a raid of the slave tunnels of the Nordhausen rocket manufacturing facility and more specifically with the discovery of massive wind tunnels used for advanced aeronautic research at Volkenrode that a US Army Air Force commander, Major General Hugh Knerr made a suggestion: Why not fly German scientists along with the Luftwaffe equipment directly to the United States?[80]

Citing the need for using German technology to defeat Japan, Maj General Knerr kicked off the paper trail to the War Department that would lead to US Army contracts for captured German scientists.[81]

Where were these first captured German scientists bound for?

Wright Field, of course. With the US Army Air Force up to its flight scarf in Operation Paperclip's origins, the next stage of development in USAF aviation medicine history would commence.

Enter Otis Benson.

To The Stars

America's manned space exploration may have really been put into practical reality because of the vision of Otis Otto Benson, a Minnesota native who earned his MD at the University of Chicago's Rush Medical College in 1930.

Earning a commission in the Medical Reserve Corps in 1931, Benson graduated from the School of Aviation Medicine in 1932. Following various assignments, Benson went to the Mayo Foundation in 1939 to study aviation physiology and medicine. In 1940, he took command of the Aeromedical Research Unit at Wright Field. It is Otis Benson who would push the United States Air Force into outer space.[82]

Benson would take Armstrong's research and advancements of oxygen delivery systems into the stratosphere and beyond. He would separate the Aeromedical laboratory from the equipment development lab and expand its physiological, biophysical and clinical research functions. Benson would also propel Armstrong's altitude chambers forward, overseeing the development of the Anti-G suit. By the time of America's involvement in WW2, Benson was designing the next generation of oxygen delivery systems that would benefit our high-altitude bomber crews. Otis Benson pushed the air force higher and farther thus providing the aircraft engineers inspiration to take humans higher and reach for the stars.[83]

Reaching for the stars is exactly what Otis Benson was doing with the United States air forces.

After serving in North Africa and Italy with the Fifteenth Air Force and then as chief surgeon of the US Army Air Force in the Mediterranean, for which he earned a Bronze Star among other decorations, Benson returned to the States following the war. In November, 1945 Benson was assigned Chief of the Medical Research Division in the Office of the Air Surgeon in Washington DC. This put under his direct supervision all American air force aviation science.[84]

Benson was now in command of the Aeromedical Laboratory at Wright Field, the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field in Texas, and the Aeromedical Center in Heidelberg, Germany. There was nothing happening at these facilities and units that Benson did not know about and much had his hand in it. This also put Benson into the Operation Paperclip mix as it was happening.[85]

There is no way Benson, as commander of the Aeromedical Center, would not have known about the employment of German scientists and doctors brought under the wing of the American air force during this time, especially via Heidelberg. The facts show that not only was he aware, Benson was a proponent of Paperclip scientists assigned to his mission and units.[86]

To understand Benson's role in USAF involvement with Operation Paperclip, you have to know what motivated him. All this focus on high altitude and oxygen delivery systems and pressure suit development indeed served wartime needs, but Benson was working on these technologies years prior to the war.[87]

Long before his American peers, Otis Benson was pursuing the understanding of human physiology in outer space. What the war did was provide Benson with the opportunity to gather everything the Germans had done on aerospace research between 1939 and 1945 and use it to expand the US air forces program. By 1950, Benson had the US Air Force studying planetary atmospheres and weightlessness and the School of Aviation Medicine under his supervision designed and built a spacecraft cabin simulator. You could say Benson did more than any other commander to push America into space.[88]

In 1951, Otis Benson planned and sponsored the first international symposium on space medicine,a and then published a book titled *Physics and Medicine of the Upper Atmosphere* co-authored with C.S.White. Following an assignment in DC as chief of USAF medical staffing, Benson returned as commander of aviation medicine in September of 1956, eighteen months after my father entered the air force. By 1958, the year of events of concern to this book, Benson had expanded his Department of Space Medicine and focused its mission on all physiological aspects of manned space travel.[89]

This means that Otis Benson was not only aware of whatever the US Air Force was doing in space in the 1950s, he was one of the architects of its manned space program. This means that Otis Benson supervised whatever the USAF was developing under its stewardship of the pre-NASA Mercury program, in particular the pressure suit upon which my father's unit at George AFB conducted the ground tests in the altitude chamber. My dad spent nearly all of his service time under space-minded Otis Benson driving American aviation medicine and physiological training units.

I first learned about Otis Benson while doing research for this book, specifically where Operation Paperclip was concerned. As supervisor of US Army Air Corps aviation science facilities in Heidelberg, Benson was involved with Harry Armstrong in bringing 58 captured Germans into the American fold. This included Hubertus Strughold, Benziger, Ruff and others. Benson would also bring controversial Major General Dr Walter Schreiber to the School of Aviation Medicine.[90]

Walter Schreiber was the Third Reich's highest ranking doctor at his rank level and served as Commanding Officer of the Scientific Section of the Military Medical Academy in Berlin, essentially the Nazi Surgeon General. He came to the United States following capture by the Russians in 1945 and, after sixteen months in Soviet custody, Schreiber emerged as a witness in the Nurmeburg Trials, ratting out colleagues whose deeds he had supervised. In 1948, after more than three years 'captivity', Schreiber showed up in the west claiming to have escaped the Russians. In spite of being on the US Army Central Registry of War Criminals and Security Suspects list, Walter Schreiber was brought into the Paperclip program.[91]

The fact is that, two weeks prior to his public emergence following 'escape' from the Soviets, Schreiber had been in the protective custody of the US Counter Intelligence Corps. Initially brought in under Paperclip to work at Camp King in Germany, where his duties involved early OSS/CIA research into advanced interrogation methods, which will be discussed further in this book. With

Wright Field pushing for German scientists, Schreiber would soon be assigned to the School of Aviation Medicine in Texas.[92]

Schreiber was not the only Nazi scientist embraced by the USAF via Operation Paperclip, of course. History shows there were several but we will concern ourselves with those whose work for the USAF have impact upon my dad's strange account.

One of these was the aforementioned Dr Benziger who hosted a 1942 gathering with Heinrich Himmler in which Dr Sigmund Rascher presented motion picture footage of Nazi medical experiments on human subjects from concentration camps. My father had told me of watching old German films on altitude chamber tests during the war years, gruesome films demonstrating the effects of decompression on human subjects.[93]

In spite of Benziger's murky past and direct involvement with Nazi war criminals, he was inexplicably released from the Nuremburg trials and released to US Army Air Force custody to contribute to their research work. Wright Field quickly took advantage Benziger's paper on pilot physiology in extremely high altitudes of stratospheric aircraft. Thus did Benziger end up on the coveted Paperclip list and in the United States, courtesy of the US Army Air Force.[94]

Ultimately, with their pasts catching up to them, some Paperclip scientists would fall under scrutiny of the press and an appalled American public. By that time, the fairly young US Air Force would as discreetly as it could release certain German scientists from their contracts, among them was Walter Schreiber whose story the readers of my book *Origin* will find particularly interesting.

With the truth about his involvement in war crimes being exposed, Schreiber's days in America were numbered. Armstrong committed to documentation the instruction that a severance between Schreiber and the USAF be affected within six months. There was a perception that the US Air Force was working to keep its Nazi scientists in spite of wartime criminal activities that had been previously swept under the rug, not assuaged by the fact that Otis Benson had tried and failed to secure a university job for Schreiber to stay in the US. There was nothing for the former Nazi Surgeon General to do but 'get out of Dodge', so to speak. He requested his daughter who lived in Buenos Aires assist him with quickly obtaining a visa to Argentina but the FBI was listening an intercepted his efforts.[95]

With the decision by the Joint Chiefs that Schreiber was after all not actually useful to the School of Aviation Medicine anymore, US Army Intelligence agent D.A. Roe, G-2, contacted a high ranking Argentine military official and asked if Schreiber could be of any use to them. Thus was Schrieber and his ardent Nazi wife (she had actually joined the party without hesitation in 1931) flown by the USAF to New Orleans where they boarded a ship for Buenos Aires, the US government paying for personal protection throughout the immigration process and providing a 'travel allowance' the amount of which remains unknown today. What happened after that is interesting indeed.[96]

Dr Walter Schrieber and his wife spent the remainder of their lives living comfortably on an estate in that legendary Nazi refuge called San Carlos de Bariloche, on an estate named after the summer palace of Frederick the Great. Schrieber would subsequently be allowed to add 'von' to his name, and be recognized by unidentified German officials as a descendant of Prussian royalty. This little epilogue in Schrieber's life should ring familiar to readers of *Origin*.[97]

SUMMARY

I have demonstrated that upon closer inspection it was the US Army Air Force, soon to become the independent US Air Force, that was most adamantly behind the push for Operation Paperclip.

Manned space exploration was the primary enthusiasm of Otis Benson and the German scientists who had done the most to push humankind to the stars in the first half of the 20th Century were brought over to greatly aid Benson's vision.

Otis Benson's command of USAF aviation medicine research did more to push America into space than any other US program for over a decade after the war -- and this is the milieu in which my father was assigned and worked throughout his entire four-year enlistment.

The Operation Paperclip impact on American aviation medicine and my dad's story by no means ended with Schrieber's departure, for the US Air Force kept the most useful Nazis and expanded its pursuits into stranger waters with dedicated effort to cloak the fruits of that relationship. The USAF adventure into outer space was about to get weirder.

But before we venture much further into that, I must again address the maddening mess known as Roswell...

CHAPTER NINE

Don't believe the church and state
And everything they tell you
Believe in me, I'm with the High Command...

-- Mike Rutherford & B. A. Robertson

One cannot go too far into our context and anything USAF relative to UFOs without addressing what we have come to call, in a word, 'Roswell'.

Roswell has proven the most laborious of any chapter in this book. So why, after all the years of stuff published on the subject, a little good and a lot bad, would I venture into the Roswell mire? Because my first exposure to the whole thing was through my father and his strange tale. Roswell is at the heart of what my dad claimed happened to him.

So here we must go.

There has been such a volume of stuff written, produced, surmised, claimed and presented on this subject that I had to remind myself what the scope of this book is: An attempt to explain my dad's story, not to do another book on Roswell. Therefore I will do my best to keep that aim true.

After years of much thought and studied analysis on this issue, it is my conclusion that the very existence of the US Air Force is directly related to whatever the 'Roswell incident' might actually have been. But don't get too excited about that just yet.

My argument begins simply with the National Security Act of 1947 which created the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency and the independent United States Air Force[98]. Signed by President Truman on July 26, 1947, this act had been introduced to the US Senate by John Gurney, Republican senator from South Dakota, on 3 March of that same year[99] -- pretty much exactly four months to the day prior to the infamous occurrence near Roswell, New Mexico, as popularly reported. Is this mere coincidence?

I don't think so. The reader may choose to dismiss any correlation between the National Security Act and Roswell but, to be honest, the juxtaposition of the two events is too suspicious to dismiss the idea so hastily. The key to this particular perspective is acknowledging that Roswell could have been anything, not solely something from another world. It could have been an early Russian satellite. It could have been an advanced Russian aircraft. It could have been something that our real world cold war foes managed to put into our skies over our most advanced military installations. Those options alone could reasonably have placed Senate Bill 758[100] on the fast track to the President's desk.

For the record, I don't think it was a Russian anything that crashed in July 1947, if indeed something crashed 'that day'[101], whatever day it actually may have been. I can't tell you what it was for certain and no one likely can unless they have access to whatever classified file exists on the issue.

If you expected me to spend valuable space and time restating all the details both known and alleged about Roswell, you haven't read my other books. On this subject, do your homework. I don't write for the person who 'just dropped onto the planet from the turnip truck'. If you have really never ever heard anything about Roswell then I doubt you'd be reading this book in the first place.

Essentially, 'Roswell' refers to the report of something unidentified that crashed in the desert near the town of that name in New Mexico during the first week of July, 1947. It blew up into a big UFO flying saucer mystery over the years until the popular scenario imploded under the weight of foolishness and lies.

The USAF made attempts to pass it off as weather balloon technology but few people believe that explanation (including those without foil on their head), even if a weather balloon did happen to have gone down relative to the identified dates. I have issues with the weather balloon story myself.

I'm an inactive USAF reserve officer. During my active duty time, I served as an AFOSI agent, which the reader likely knows by now. I don't buy the weather balloon story and I have been professionally acquainted with Colonel Richard Weaver whom I respect and have no doubt was doing exactly what was determined to be done as regards Roswell and the public demand for information. So why do I not accept the weak Air Force dog-and-pony hoo-ha in the so called 'Weaver Report'? Because I think there's something big enough to keep secret for fifty years -- at the time of the report and nearly seventy years as of this writing.

What could that possibly be?

To begin with, you must understand that we don't have a fifty year rule in this country. Our classified information and technology does not automatically get declassified fifty years after classification. There is no expiration date, no 'statute of limitations' on such national defense secrets. Suck it up and enjoy every bite because that's just the way it is and ought to be. If the Department of Defense and the USAF are keeping Roswell close to vest it's because the secret is still considered vital. Period.[102]

So what could Roswell possibly have been, in my learned opinion, to remain so highly classified?

I say it was something so paradigm changing that it expedited a restructuring of how we did everything as regards national defense. A Russian satellite or aircraft did not qualify, even in those early tentative and somewhat paranoid days of a growing cold war. I argue this because any Russian satellite, no matter how 'space age', and especially any Russian jet aircraft, would have been recognizable as such -- because we each had Germans designing this stuff for us too and we knew their engineering repertoire.

What crashed in New Mexico had to have been something not just more advanced than what history tells us we had at the time, it had to have been something our War Department and President did not want anyone outside the event to even suspect existed.

What could have been so secretive and paradigm-changing about something that would have specifically crashed in New Mexico in 1947, particularly within the context of the time?

In my opinion, it had to have been either something of our own doing or from a source which the War Department might have had a hard time explaining so soon after supposedly becoming the dominant military power on Earth following WW2 victory.

Why do I think this?

The concern about the Soviet Union wasn't much of a secret. There was already a growing cold war, very much stoked by War Department assessments, one of which we shall discuss later in this book. There was already an awareness about the Russians and other communist agents in the public awareness. In actuality, the military industrial complex of the west could have used a Russian sourced event to make great hay in support of gaining public support for budgetary demands and operations.

But I don't think the Soviets were behind the crash in New Mexico for one very good reason: A Russian source of whatever crashed would have been the best Christmas gift the Soviets could have given the US military in 1947. *See what those bastard commies are up to?!*

Clearly whatever crashed at Roswell must have ignited the need to restructure our War Department and defense apparatus into a new juggernaut of agencies and a shiny new and quite powerful US Air Force, right? We suddenly learned that They were out there and coming here, right?

Not necessarily. In fact, the National Security Act was already in the works before that which is Roswell happened.

In January 1947, JCS 1779 was enacted, essentially stating that the best defense of western Europe against the growing Soviet threat would be a strong rebuilt Germany[103]. On 12 March 1947, the President delivered what is called the Truman Doctrine in which he pledged that the US would

contain Soviet communist influence in Greece and Turkey and soon in various other hot spots around the world[104].

Note the date on the Truman Doctrine, just nine days after Senate Bill 758, the National Security Act, was introduced to Congress.

The impetus for the National Security Act of 1947 was not ETs crashing at Roswell. It was drafted and proposed against a backdrop of civil war in China between Chiang Kai-shek's national forces and the communist aggression of Mao Zedong's collectivist horde[105]. Communism was on the rise and the West was nervous. It was a time when any public support in opposition to communism would be highly valued, to say the least, and in particular any public rally specifically against the Soviets.

So I ask the reader: If what crashed at Roswell had been Soviet, do you really think a seventy year lid would have been clamped down on it? Even after a few decades of the Cold War? After the fall of the USSR? No matter how advanced their technology could have been, a Soviet UFO crashing in 1947 would have been revealed *long* before now, one way or another. That's why I'm of the opinion that Roswell was not a Russian incident.

So what was it?

Options

If 'Roswell' happened, I personally do not think it was extraterrestrial.

The evidence and the facts of Roswell do not actually support the popular ET theory very well. Neither anymore does the Roswell literature over the past several years effectively convince in favor of ET because too many alleged witnesses proved to be full of crap and only a handful of what you could call legitimate witnesses were ever actually interviewed (or had their testimony presented). Essentially, the ET hypothesis for Roswell is presently what we might call 'a pile of horseshit'. It just doesn't work to explain the situation anymore, if it ever truly did, beyond wishful thinking.

For starters, let's go back to what my father told me he was briefed: a craft that crashed in New Mexico was of primary interest to the US Army Air Force and was taken to Wright Field to be assessed by top aerospace technology experts of the day.

As to the crew, my dad said they were as human as us, though virtually hairless. He also said they were no threat, which may prove a problem for at least one of the below categories, if true. However, as we shall see in a coming chapter, there may be good reason to question aspects of my father's memories of this experience, and there remains too much evidence to dismiss said category, which the ET faithful will lament (to my never-ending amusement).

Basically, my conclusion is, *if* something crashed there around the time in question, what crashed at Roswell was likely a product of one of four categories:

a. An early US attempt at manned spaceflight,

b. A postwar Nazi technology

c. A group separate from publicly known civilization, inclusive of a 'breakaway' option, but not necessarily so.

d. A US experiment with exotic technology originally captured from the Germans and expanded upon by our Paperclip scientists.

Please note that I argue the sources of the first three were all essentially human. These three make the most sense to me and especially so within the context of my dad's experience. The fourth is in a different category yet relative to all we have discussed already.

I place my categories of possibility in a specific order for a reason. There are too many German aerospace engineers in the mix in 1947 to ignore in favor of an extraterrestrial assumption. Let's look at the first one: the possibility of an early manned US spaceflight.

Dream Come True?

Werner von Braun, Hermann Oberth, Werner Dahm, Konrad Dannenberg, Krafft Arnold Ehricke, Walter Riedel, and others were all known to have been obsessed with manned space exploration from their youth and well before any Reich employment during WW2. According to one Operation Paperclip interviewer, Riedel in particular was obsessed with outer space vehicles and told the army officer of about forty other scientists equally dedicated to this objective of manned space flight[106]. These captured German rocket scientists, aerospace engineers and aviation medicine specialists were more than anxious to put their knowledge into venturing man to the stars because it's what they wanted to do in the first place, *before* Hitler came along in their lives.

So, do you still think that the only American attempts to put man into space are those publicly documented exploits of NASA since the 1960s?

You honestly find it hard to entertain that the possibility the western world's foremost rocket scientists, obsessed with going into space their entire lives, and given the resources and license by the United States government to spread their wings, would not have proposed and could not have convinced a postwar American air force -- staffed with plenty of its own space travel fanboys -- to even attempt to put men into space at least once?

You *seriously* find it hard to believe that this was tried?

Really?

I must point out a statement made by Kevin Randle and Donald Schmitt in *The Truth About The UFO Crash at Roswell*: *"Reviewing the records of the time, there was nothing that was happening then that was so highly classified it couldn't be discovered today." Pg 145*.

Unless it indeed *remains* so highly classified to this day!

No disrespect intended, but that was spoken like someone not read into a particular program and who isn't aware that they don't know what they are talking about. There *are* exceptions to declassification rules and things *can* and do remain classified indefinitely.[107]

Only the willful mind in stubborn denial would so easily dismiss the idea of a secret USAF space program and I am certain some readers will still take this curious and amusing position. For me, I think putting men into space was likely among the *first* things they thought of doing the day they were installed at Ft Bliss and the various sites next door in New Mexico, regardless of their contracted duties as regards missile technology, etc etc etc. The right guys were in the right place at the right time.

Oh, golly. What was that? Space travel obsessed Paperclip Nazi rocket scientists and aerospace engineers in New Mexico in the late 1940s? That couldn't have been the source of the Roswell incident. Don't even consider it!

I find any flat out denial of the possibility that Roswell was a classified American attempt at manned space travel to be foolish. There were too many of the right people and too many of the requisite resources on hand for it to not have been attempted at least once. That's why I propose that the answer to Roswell could have been just that, first manned venture into space by the United States[108].

So what about what my dad said? Well, an Army Air Corps crew would have been human, so that fits. And the hairless descriptor? Again, we will be examining my dad's memory of the briefing he claimed to receive, but for now the hairless aspect might have been because the hair was simply burned or radiated off[109]. Might the Van Allen radiation belts have been responsible for that? Just a wild ass guess to consider.

The object that crashed at Roswell having possibly been a deeply classified American attempt at manned spaceflight also fits my dad's statements over the years that what crashed was not a threat to our national security. If it was ours, it was not a threat, plain and simple.

So why might such an attempt have remain classified (and lied about and covered up) for seventy years?

That is where the trouble lies for this early American space mission theory because any historical US air forces attempt at going into space would not have been such a shocker to Apollo era Americans. Certainly by 1995, the USAF would not have egg on its face for admitting it had valiantly attempted manned spaceflight in those heady postwar days of 'Right Stuff'[110] exploits. The American people would have dug that. But we didn't get that particular press conference so, if it happened, why the secrecy?

What comes to my mind are two possible reasons, both of them controversial.

First: the attempt might not have had full approval.

The German scientists and the US Army Air Force might have privately committed to the flight and cleverly cloaked it within a standing order to pursue rocket technology, coyly embedding the presence of a human crew under an aviation medicine mandate.

Putting a human crew aboard a mandated rocket test flight would have been a logical way to test the ceiling and operations of aerospace technology while also gathering vital real world data -- not lab simulations -- of the effects of 'high altitude' on human physiology. What better way to be frugal with

taxpayer dollars? Imagine if it had worked!

I will not be surprised if we ultimately learn that a secret attempt at manned space flight is the secret of Roswell.

But I also suspect we should have learned such a thing by now -- unless the other possibility for secrecy is valid: This hypothetical first manned American spaceflight kicked off a secret air force space program.

If the Roswell object was associated with a secret US military-industrial complex space program that *still exists today*, therein lies the reason why it might remain classified, denied and covered up seventy years later.

The aforementioned Harry Armstrong and Otis Benson provide the reason to suspect a secret US air forces space program. Both men were dedicated to aviation medicine and most specifically within a context of high altitude. Benson especially pushed toward space travel.

Armstrong and Benson were in command of the very S&T units which determined the focus of aerospace technology pursuits where human physiological limits were the focus and the units relative to advanced flight technology. Everything they did resulted in what would have been required to know to keep humans alive in space. Do you really think neither one of these men would have been enticed by the proposal that they attempt a manned flight beyond the bonds of the planet?

Look again at what Armstrong and Benson pioneered for the United States Army Air Force: altitude chambers, pressure suits, oxygen delivery systems, long term flight cabin simulation tests. Sure, these served the development of the high altitude aircraft of the Strategic Air Command, but that wasn't the actual endgame of this research.

We will, in the next chapter, get into exactly what Otis Benson pushed for in the pursuit of space travel, the point is that Armstrong and Benson's work, coupled with what the Paperclip space scientists and rocket engineers brought to the launchpad. All led to the Mercury manned space effort -- and that was originally a USAF program, *before* NASA even existed.[111]

Now that's interesting. The USAF officially started America's manned space program. But we shouldn't get too excited about that because NASA quickly took that pursuit all to itself, right?

What makes you think the USAF stopped developing manned space programs after NASA was created? Because you didn't see it on TV or didn't learn about it in school or it's not in the history books? Excuse me while I laugh my ass off. To outright deny the possibility of a deeply classified USAF manned space program would be the height of foolish cocksurety that might impress children and pretty girls, but it makes you look like an idiot, to me. And pay close attention that I say I *could* be wrong, of course, but to *dismiss* the possibility is what's foolish.

The point here is that what happened in New Mexico in 1947 could have been a crash of a classified US Army Air Force manned spacecraft and, if not exactly approved as such at a higher level, might have been a potential disaster for the commanders who were involved, thus the secrecy and the apparent tomfoolery serving to confuse future investigators. I think this security lid would definitely

have tightened significantly if this craft actually represented the first flight of a secret space program, especially in the early years of the Cold War.

How does this reflect on what my dad told me?

The passing years and other factors -- factors we will be getting into in the remainder of this book -- may have served to confuse my dad's recall, i.e. he could have attached a murky recollection to the easiest anchor available: public interest in the Roswell incident. In other words, my dad may have been briefed on the above proposed crash of a secret USAF craft and years later connected it with Roswell. There are specific reasons I suggest this and we will explore them in future chapters.

So on to the next category: a postwar player who shouldn't have been.

Those Pesky Nazis

This is the one the ET crowd absolutely despises.

This possibility offers some decent evidence, i.e. technologies documented in the known Nazi S&T record of accomplishment or research. This possibility also comes with a very good reason for keeping it a secret: We were supposed to have vanquished these guys -- and thoroughly. If the folks learned that not only did a bunch of them escape capture but they were developing their own whiz-bang stuff that outdid ours, there would be outcry and hell to pay.

Let's take a look at the technology. This will require much consideration of the most hated book by Joseph P Farrell, *Roswell and the Reich: The Nazi Connection*. Talk about inconvenient! I won't name names but some of the people I know who despise this book have never even *read* it. They take the easy road and invariably resort to ad homonym attacks on the author. We know what that usually means: They cannot legitimately argue his theory down.

According to Farrell's review of the Corso material, and the legend in general, the following technologies found in the Roswell crash debris that show correlation to Nazi technology are:

Super strong metal or other material
Fiber optics
Kevlar
Night vision
Lasers and particle accelerators
Transistors and integrated circuits
Portable atomic power for air and space craft[112]

'What?!' you say 'The Nazis had that stuff?!'

Let's see what Farrell says about that:

Super strong metal. Author researcher Henry Stevens reports that in British Intelligence Objectives Sub-Committee Report #142, an informant reported German advances in metallurgy that British scientists didn't want to accept, so they subsequently discredited their own source!

Stevens found what looks for all the world like Allied interviewers reporting stuff they cite as untrustworthy but are reporting it anyway, in detail. In the case of BIOS Report 142, the informant said the Germans had **by 1936** discovered a way to harden steel and aluminum beyond currently known limits. He said it was called 'Impervium', identified the inventor and the details of the process and even named the city where the foundry doing it was located. Stevens even found that TRW had acknowledged the German advances and used the process themselves.[113]

Farrell concedes the problem with this is that we would have seen invincible German military machinery and clearly we were able to shoot down their planes, destroy their tanks and so forth. His point -- and it is a solid one -- is that Nazi Germany was indeed working on and making great strides in super strong metals over ten years *before* Roswell.

Fiber optics. The basic concepts leading to fiber optics dates back to Alexander Graham Bell in the 19th Century. In the following century, the Nazis are known to have been researching what they called 'optical telephony' -- prior to the end of the war per German documents captured in 1945, more than two years *before* Roswell.[114]

Farrell admits that this was specifically undefined but analyze the term and the implication is there. 'Optical' refers to the visual realm, as is light. 'Telephony' refers to the transmission of the medium, sound in the most familiar case, light being the optical option. Farrell correctly suggests that the Nazis even looking into whatever this was implies that fiber optics might not have been far beyond them. They were within the realms of the concept years *before* Roswell happened.

Kevlar. Farrell concedes that he knows of no specific Nazi documentation that reveals their pursuit of a material specifically such as Kevlar, but he points out that I.G.Farben, a major element of the Nazi military-industrial complex was indeed working on advanced fibers and materials.[115]

Farrell points out waterproof material that Farben had developed before the end of the war and suggests, again, that the Nazis were known to be working on super strong metals. Their industrial machine was indeed pursuing endurance-property materials like waterproofing. This reasonably suggests that super strong fabrics, thus an early Kevlar, would not likely have been beyond them either.

Night vision. To show a possible Nazi development trail of something like our night vision of today, Farrell provides photographs of two Nazi German devices deployed during WW2: German infrared equipment deployed on Panzer Medium Tanks and the infrared device deployed on German naval vessels. Again, manufactured and used during the war, thus years prior to Roswell. Infrared puts the Nazis within the realm of night vision technology pursuits.[116]

Lasers and particle accelerators. Farrell offers a Nazi document dated May of 1944 which specifically discusses the 'Cascade Principle' in conjunction with the need of a facility for the manufacture of high-voltage and large current intensity. Farrell writes: *"The Cascade Principle is the* very *principle that lasers employ to cohere light into non-diverging beam."* The cited Nazi German document alone precedes Roswell by *three years*.[117]

Transistors and integrated circuits. Farrell again presents photograph evidence, in this case of Nazi

German history with transistors, by showing Klystron tubes developed and produced by Telefunken between 1940 and 1941. That's not all: He also presents a photo of German semi-conductor chips captured by the Allies during the war. All of this was, again, over five years *prior* to Roswell.[118]

Portable atomic power for air and space craft. Presented as evidence for Nazi precedent to Roswell on this technology is Dr. Franz Josef Neugebauer himself, cleared for 'urgent' work with the US Army Air Force because of his specialty in thermal systems for aircraft nuclear propulsion. It turns out that Allied postwar review of the Skoda factory and documents revealed the atomic pursuits were quite a bit more accomplished than we have been led to believe in the hubris of victory. And once again, this was years *before* Roswell.[119]

I could go on and on with the numerous pages of examples and evidence, and there are 515 pages in the book. Farrell makes his point and that is this: What the Nazis are proven to have been developing or pursuing before and during the war precedes the same specific or developmentally similar technological items claimed to have been harvested from the Roswell crash debris. This plainly suggests that the alleged Roswell technological items which Corso and others have claimed were retrieved from the crash ***could*** *have been of human manufacture*.

If they *could* have been human, specifically Nazi German, then it renders the popular assumption that these items *must* have been *exclusively* of extraterrestrial manufacture null and void. The known German items pointed out by Farrell do not need to be exact matches for his theory to be valid, in spite of what the naysayers will cry (and they will).

Of course this does *not* eliminate the non-human possibility entirely, it merely demonstrates that another more earthly origin is indeed valid. This possibility should consequently alter perspectives on Roswell.

Perhaps that was the point of Corso's book. We should ask what was the Colonel up to exactly?

If what crashed at Roswell was postwar Nazi technology -- and the reason for secrecy is because the US military knew this -- then what are we now to wonder about Colonel Corso apparently letting the cat out of the bag in his book? If Farrell can so easily demonstrate a correlation between said recovered Roswell crash technology, why reveal it at all if it's such a big secret? Or is there another possibility?

Corso was in fact assigned to the Foreign Technology Division of US Army Intelligence. If anyone had on file the Nazi developments that Farrell cites, it would have been this unit. Corso may have simply applied what he learned of these Nazi technologies to his account of involvement with Roswell. But by the time his book was published, this was already in the public realm so why would Corso do that if he wanted the reader to believe in the narrative he presents, that it was alien, not in the human technology repertoire until after Roswell?

What was the true objective of Corso's book?

Karl T. Pflock, among others, suggested there never was a crash of anything but a weather balloon array at Roswell in the summer of 1947. In his investigations and analyses of Roswell over the course

of several years, Pflock ultimately found what many others had to finally concede, that the heretofore 'witnesses' were either exaggerating on faint and fading memories, or repeating stories told by deceased alleged witnesses (kind of like I am doing with this book), or they were flat out full of crap and lying to get attention and maybe make a buck. What Pflock discovered was that Roswell as we have known it has likely been a wishful fantasy.[120]

What could be trouble for Joseph Farrell's theory is Lt Colonel Philip Corso himself.

It's primarily Corso's book from which the Roswell technology harvest story was drawn. However, Corso's book, written with William J. Birnes, is troubled with erroneous statements of historical record thus the book itself is questionable as a reliable source, to some. Pflock also pointed out that Corso seems to draw from the conflicting versions of the Roswell incident itself and that doesn't help his case.[121]

In *Roswell: Inconvenient Facts And The Will to Believe*, Pflock says of Corso: *"My mind boggled. If Corso's egoistic fever dreams were taken as fact, he was responsible for nothing short of making possible the cornerstones of the technological revolution of the second half of the Twentieth Century."*

Pflock is speaking of Corso's assignment with the FTD of US Army Intelligence, specifically Corso's claims of having been ordered to seed the 'alien' Roswell technologies out to the military-industrial complex for development. But Corso gets missile programs mixed up when he shouldn't and, more damning, speaks of his 1961 CIA rivals being at Langley when the Agency was still in multiple Washington DC offices around the district before moving to Virginia. These are just a couple examples of why Corso's credibility comes under fire and therefore must also his Roswell claims. [122]

Pflock says further: *"Recently longtime ufologist Larry Bryant obtained Corso's FBI files through a Freedom of Information Act request. This reveals a man continually trying to advance his personal agenda...through lies and exploitation..."* [Pg 208]

Clearly Pflock found Corso useless as a source. However, there is another possibility that Pflock should and perhaps might have considered or suspected because Pflock was himself a CIA agent[123]: Philip Corso's book on Roswell could have been the final assignment of a 'good soldier'.

Corso's Swan Song?

The Day After Roswell could have been an operation itself. More specifically, the book and Corso's claims could have been designed and provided to him, certain select information carefully embedded within true details of his career. If said information was intended as disinformation, it would serve to lead UFO researchers far astray.

The book could also have been used to discredit the existing field of Roswell research via damning errors sure to be eventually discovered (and they were) thus making anyone who accepted it at face value look like a fool.

But there is a problem with this scenario: Why would Corso agree to ultimately look like the asshole

Pflock paints him to be?

That Karl Pflock worked for the CIA at one time must be considered. This does *not* mean my suggestion is fact. It does *not* mean Pflock was for a fact involved in such operations as I suggest Corso's book could have been. What I am suggesting simply means that because *it is possible* that Corso's book was an operation, I wonder if Pflock's damning assessment was part of the objective to discredit the messenger -- and thus any researcher who took Corso's claims seriously. Yes, it suggests that Pflock and Corso were on the same team.

The reader might ask why a long retired military officer would agree to be made out an opportunistic fraud? Why would a UFO researcher agree to alienate (no pun intended) half his audience or more?

Here comes yet another speculative possibility in this festival of supposition: It might be that putting an end to then prevailing view of Roswell and ufology in general was the objective.

If wiping the Roswell slate clean of ET was the primary objective, then what might the desired replacement have been? In a book of blatant historical errors and wild claims, what could said operators have hoped to accomplish with damaged credibility?

The Gold Nugget In A 'Turd'?

Being personally experienced in humint operations for the USAF and others in the US intelligence community, I assure you that not everything passed operationally is a complete lie. So consider Corso's book from my perspective and ask yourself if some of the information conveyed in the book might be true.

More specifically, if an operation, Corso's book might still have revealed factual information where the technology is concerned and that could very well have hint at the real message of the book. This possibility means that Joseph Farrell's theory still has legs.

How, you ask?

If Corso's book is the load of crap that Pflock and others say it is, then we must again ask where did Corso come up with the harvested technology list? Army Intelligence technology analysis, specifically FTD analysis, is the identified source.[124]

As convoluted as I know some of you are bitching that this may be, in this bit of fact we may have found the secret to Corso's book. He could actually have been instructed to use what the US Army FTD *knew* was advanced Nazi technology and dress it in extraterrestrial terms to serve a perception management operation ultimately damaging to popular ufology's prevailing ET theory -- while also providing a time bomb.

Corso's book may actually have revealed, without anyone seeing it at the time, what Joseph Farrell eventually points out in *Roswell and the Reich*. It reveals, in my opinion, more truth about Roswell than anyone realized at the time. Perhaps a stretch but Farrell has demonstrated a Nazi thread in the mix, so it is possible and *must* be seriously considered by any serious investigator of Roswell.

Where the alleged Roswell technology is concerned, and even the crash itself, Joseph Farrell's theory remains the best and most thoroughly presented theory of the Roswell crash hardware so far. Why do I say this and what does it have to do with my dad's story?

Because, like it or not, there were Germans and their technology everywhere in this Roswell landscape in 1947 and these same Germans populated the world of aviation medicine to which my father was assigned and through which was exposed to the elements of his story.

And yet there remains even another fine twist of this theoretical knob. What if the popular Roswell legend indeed came from our previously discussed scenario of a first US attempt at manned spaceflight -- and the technology was indeed so Nazi German in its signature (should Farrell be right) *because the craft was designed by our captured Nazi Germans scientists*?

The previously discussed possibility of a secret American manned spaceflight using US built components of originally Nazi German design, courtesy of our Paperclip Germans, could quite neatly explain all the secrecy surrounding Roswell. It could explain the subsequent willingness of the USAF to let people think it was ET as long as they could get away with it and even encourage commitment to that belief by releasing the weak target balloon array story that they knew would be questioned. Except for a naive insistence that it 'must goddamnit be ET!', this scenario of an American-Nazi crash could very well 'explain' Roswell and again we can still validate Farrell's postwar Nazi suggestion.

Because of all the Germans we know were in New Mexico in 1947 and in my dad's story, it was necessary to spend some pages acknowledging the very strong possibilities (some would say probability) that the answer to Roswell is the Nazi solution.

And yet, by golly, there remains the aforementioned third suggested possibility.

Someone Else

The secret of Roswell may be that a separate human civilization generally unknown to us was the origin of whatever crashed circa 1947. This *is* what my dad said is the case, after all.

But what evidence speaks to this suggestion?

The secrecy, for one. The revelation of a hidden civilization of humans possessed of advanced technology might certainly be something the government would desire to keep tightly classified[125]. It might even be that said civilization, now exposed to our government, itself demanded the secrecy.

OK, but again what else is there?

How about the idea of a technology so 'alien' to our own, that it startled the US military, the force that led the Allies to defeat the mighty Third Reich and their formidable Japanese buddies. Imagine the befuddlement over how to approach this new player on the scene. How do you explain to the people of the world that an entire human civilization exists on our world and we didn't know about it until they crashed one of their amazing flying machines?

But is the shock of discovery that we have unknown 'cousins' with amazing gizmos still be enough to clamp such a tight and convoluted lid on this thing called 'Roswell'?

Perhaps but I'm not certain. In fact, I suspect for this 'other human civilization' scenario to work, we likely need to dispense with the idea that our government and others did not know about them.

A scenario in which a separate human civilization coexisting with us could work, essentially unknown as such to the masses, might involve a breakaway civilization.

The Breakaway Option

If what crashed in New Mexico was an air (or space) craft of a breakaway human civilization that particularly wanted to remain unknown to the masses, then seventy years of secrecy and wacky balloon antics make sense if said breakaway made it clear that their existence should remain generally unknown.

Such a civilization, if truly possessed of technology advanced anywhere near the level proposed by Roswell harvest proponents, would certainly be in the position to secure their continued anonymity via the combined advantages of technology transfer and the ability to back up a secrecy agreement with spectacular and resolute force.

Readers of my other works will be familiar with how such a civilization could even have happened. I recommend readers of this book refer to *Origin* and *Empire of the Wheel 2: Friends From Sonora,* as well as the breakaway subject as covered by Joseph Farrell, Richard Dolan and Olav Phillips among others. These works lay out a reasonable argument to the question of how, so let us continue with who.

Generally, I argue that two breakaway human civilizations possibly exist, each emerging from 19th Century airship milieus. One was a breakaway from an already existing independent organization. That organization was called NYMZA and was supposedly created by Prussians who I have proposed were dedicated to the creation of a unified Germany, which was indeed achieved. The group that broke off from them was American and I have suggested was first organized under a black project in the post Civil War era. In my other works I provide my analysis and theory about how these groups philosophically opposed one another and took technological leaps and bounds into the 20th Century.

Again, we must ask what author W.A. Harbinson might know, for in his novel *Genesis* we have his villainous take on Wilson telling another character the following: *"How naive you are, Stanford. The world out there is part of the conspiracy, and has been for years. The United States knows about us. The Soviet Union knows about us. The British and the Germans know about us, and all of them deal with us."*[126]

In my opinion, if the breakaway possibility is the secret behind the Roswell situation, then the breakaway whose craft crashed in July 1947 was of the NYMZA.

Why them? Because of NYMZA's German origins and Joseph Farrell's Nazi theory regarding the technology harvest -- should that part of Corso's book be true. My readers will be familiar with the direct trail I have proposed between the Prussian NYMZA and Nazi Germany. Because in my

analysis the Nazis would have received some technological nudging and a lot of philosophical inspiration from NYMZA sources, it could be that what Farrell's analysis demonstrates is that Nazi Germany was producing their own version of NYMZA technology. This means that a NYMZA craft crashing at Roswell might suggest a revelation of where the Nazis got their knowledge instead of the craft being necessarily a postwar Nazi group's craft as Farrell specifically suggests.

But a NYMZA scenario has issues where my dad's claims are concerned. He insisted that what crashed was not a threat to our national security, specifically that the civilization from which it came was not a threat.

I firmly stand by my position that NYMZA is a threat and has been for a long time. I'm convinced they were in the milieu that created the Nazis. If I am correct, NYMZA would especially be considered a threat right after WW2. Therefore if my dad's version of the story is accurate and a non-threatening breakaway or separate human civilization was responsible for Roswell, it would not be NYMZA.

But if not NYMZA or, by association, not Nazis per se, why did I spent so many pages on the Nazi possibility?

Because the NYMZA inherited their knowledge from ancient information in the first place, according to my theory, the craft of a hidden civilization with ancient pedigree would logically possess that ancestral technology resembling what Nazi Germany would subsequently have been developing, if indeed guided by NYMZA.

Anyone Else?

Could the source of the craft in my dad's story have been the American group that I call the 1903?

That is possible but I decline to suggest this based upon the whole of the details my dad shared which strongly suggest someone else, not the least of which is that he was told their civilization was founded thousands of years ago. I date the 1903 roughly to an 1865 origin and an early 20th Century formal foundation.

What if we might indeed actually be dealing with a civilization that lives mainly under our feet in subterranean regions, as described by my father?

Those elusive Tuatha de Danann could be the answer. Bruce Rux proposes they are simply a spacefaring civilization that originally came from Mars[127] and Robert Charroux paints them as a civilization that made its way to the Americas where it advanced civilization there coincidentally at around the time of Quetzalcoatl and Viracocha[128]. Defeat and retreat into the subterranean realm followed.

The Fourth Suggested Possibility

I proposed earlier that a fourth option to explain Roswell might involve an experiment with exotic technology. This could have some foundation of truth.

With this option, I must go into more esoteric territory, though you will see that it is as pertinent to this book as any of the previous scenarios presented. In the midst of all this stuff in the Roswell milieu, there is an intriguing theory that what happened at Roswell was actually the opening of a portal and the craft which crashed, along with its crew, were beings from another dimension.

Essentially, the story goes that Aleister Crowley's protege, the infamous and legendary would be sorcerer and practicing alchemist Jack Parsons, whom we will discuss in a later chapter, opened a metaphysical doorway through which came the race of beings responsible for the modern UFO wave.

One may choose to simply pass on by the Parsons option but for one thing that sticks in my mind: Nazi technology, specifically 'Die Glocke', that mysterious object shrouded in secrets. Yes, the Nazi Bell[129].

Credited with amazing powers of levitation and manipulation of the space-time continuum, the Nazi Bell has a connection to our story through the Operation Paperclip scientist so vital to USAF aviation medicine and American manned space travel: Hubertus Strughold.

Joseph P Farrell points out that Strughold had worked at Castle Furstenstein during the war and that this linked him to the Kammler project known as the Die Glocke -- The Bell[130]. How interesting that Strughold would then work for USAF aviation medicine with this in his background for the mysterious Bell being associated with stories of anti-gravity. It has been suggested in recent years that NASA may have employed such technology in the Apollo program, and Farrell even suggests the technology may have aided the astronauts in passing safely through the Van Allen belts[131], something Strughold working in aviation medicine would be keen on knowing about.

Hubertus Strughold, rumored to be connected with Die Glocke was indeed considered vital to NASA. Might he have been among Paperclip Germans who possibly convinced US Army Air Force commanders to reconstruct their own bell -- or perhaps reactivated a captured bell -- and this opened a portal in time and space, allowing in whatever crashed? He was in the right place at the right time.

We will return to this option, and Jack Parsons. Admittedly, this last option is too far out on a limb for many readers. Yet, it haunts.

There are some, Karl Pflock for example, who say nothing substantial crashed at Roswell in July 1947. There are many more who would say there is no such thing as these mysterious Children of Anu. I have already stated that I think something substantial did happen in New Mexico in 1947, some sort of Roswell incident. My dad said it happened and this book is about his story.

My dad told me he was briefed on and shown bodies and debris from the incident we know as 'Roswell'. I do not think he was making this up. Everything about his body language and in his voice when he spoke of these events tells me he was speaking the truth as he remembered it -- as he believed it to be so.

But it doesn't mean that it was exactly true.

As fun as it is to consider secret American spaceflight or postwar cosmic Nazi adventurers or even

the mysterious hidden or breakaway civilizations, it turns out that something I had never considered presented itself the moment I began to investigate the details of my dad's military service.

It may be that none of what my dad was told about the crash in New Mexico, or even what he said he learned at Wright-Patterson, ever happened. At least. maybe not the version he recalled. That may have been fabrication.

For what, you may ask? The answer to that question proved to be much less disappointing than I first assumed because it does not necessarily eliminate the fantastic.

I won't summarize this chapter because what you accept about Roswell is subjective. What I think is that something happened, but the word 'something' covers a wide spectrum, half of which is on the side of little to nothing. What I will offer that is pertinent to my dad's story is that Roswell's hall of mirrors is the spinning disco ball at the center of something that was done in 1947, was exploited again in the late 1950s, and remains in the bag of official tricks even today.

Let's follow the rabbit into the hall of mirrors and see what we find...

CHAPTER TEN

Things I've never seen before
Behind bolted doors
Talent and Imagination...
-- Danny Elfman

With Roswell and the National Security Act of 1947 behind us, we must return to the USAF of Otis Benson as aviation medicine turns out to have played a more prominent role in this story than I ever imagined.

The 1950s was a curious time for the US Air Force. It appears that embedded within Cold War era responsibilities was an outer space agenda, very specifically a manned space exploration objective. This bold pursuit was actually what one might expect of a brand new independent air force established at the dawn of our space age. In fact, the US Air Force was likely responsible for that birth. The outer space agenda was certainly the driving force of the work my dad was involved with back then.

The other USAF fascination of the period was curious indeed and sleeps deeply in the shadowed past of the otherwise most conservative and shy branch of the US armed forces. I'm speaking of the US Air Force interest in the frontiers of the human mind, the previously untrod landscapes of the psyche.

But first let us address further how my dad might have indeed seen Nazi experiment films, as he claimed he did, during his training in the physiology of high altitude flight.

As discussed earlier, the origin of American aerospace medicine dates back to World War 1 and the US Army Air Corps. Established to conduct research into the physiological and medical aspects of human flight, the program was mainly a training and research function of the US flight surgeon corps. The Air Service Medical Research Laboratory stood up in January 1918 at Hazelhurst Field, at Mineola on Long Island. My father's specialty of decades later had its beginnings here as the Hazelhurst Laboratory employed a small decompression chamber in which US research was begun on human tolerance to high altitudes.[132]

An Aviation Medical Research Board was established to determine conditions that would adversely affect pilot performance in flight, identify who could and who could not perform satisfactorily in high altitudes, seek to develop oxygen delivery systems for pilots and air crews, and provide oversight for all medical and physiological matters related to pilots. It was the Board that established and administrated the laboratory at Hazelhurst. In 1922, the Air Service Medical Research Laboratory and the School for Flight Surgeons, which had been combined during the war, were absorbed into a single School of Aviation Medicine. Four years later, the school was moved to Texas, as noted earlier.[133]

Brooks Field in San Antonio became the home of the School of Aviation Medicine in the summer of 1926 and remained there until late 1931 when it was moved to Randolph Field. Just a few years after that, Wright Field entered the picture.[134]

We know, of course, that Wright Field had actually been in the background of aviation medicine for a while. Though the Physiological Research Unit, Material Division, had a primary charter to develop and provide equipment, some of their physiological research work was overlapping with that of the School of Aviation Medicine. In 1934 it was decided that Wright Field would continue its focus on development and maintenance of the technology vital to the selection, classification and maintenance of the flyer, while the School would assume responsibility for those actual functions.[135]

Among the branches established within the School of Aviation Medicine's Research Department there were what you might expect. Along with physiology, biochemistry, pharmacology, opthalmology, biophysics, dentistry and the like, there was also included a branch dedicated to psychiatry and psychology. These two disciplines are at the heart of my dad's experience and that this branch was established during World War 2 will prove significant, in my opinion.[136]

With the establishment of an independent United States Air Force in shortly after, per the National Security Act of 1947, the demands of the School of Aviation Medicine in Texas increased significantly enough that all enlisted flight medicine courses, the Flight Nurse Course and Physiological Training Officers Course were transferred to the 3882nd School Group of a new branch at Gunter AFB in Alabama. Officially, the primary and advanced courses of aviation medicine, along with the research department, would stay at Randolph Field. It was 1950, just five years before my dad entered the service.[137]

During this period, Brigadier General Otis Benson was commander of the School. He would go to another command in 1953, but by 1956 Benson was back in command of the School and remained so until 1960. My dad spent his second six week TDY at the Gunter Branch of the School in 1958, during Benson's tenure.[138]

Benson was a dedicated and strong-willed figure and we can credit him with taking Harry Armstrong's aviation medicine advancements to their logical next leap forward -- with a little help from the debris of WW2.

Already holding a BA in biology and an MS in biochemistry, Otis Otto Benson Jr earned his MD in 1930 from Rush Medical College and that same year was commissioned into the US Army Medical Reserve Corps as a first lieutenant. In 1932, Benson graduated from the School of Aviation Medicine and followed this with the Army School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine as well as the Medical Field Service School in 1933. Following assignments in Hawaii and the Mayo Foundation, Benson attended Harvard where he further studied aviation physiology. Clearly an outstanding and inquisitive young officer, Benson's next assignment would send him to Wright Field.[139]

It was late 1940 when Benson took command of the Aeromedical Research Unit at Wright Field.

Here his story becomes very interesting, in my opinion, for in spite of the 1934 decision to cease the overlap in aviation medicine research between Wright Field and the School of Aviation Medicine, Benson pulled Aeromedical Research from its assigned Equipment Laboratory and put it back into the business of research into the physiological and biochemical aspects of flight medicine. He even established a clinical research branch.

This new Aeromedical Laboratory employed nationally known scientists and worked with the Mayo

Clinic. Its research pursuits led to the development of pressure suit technology that my father would become involved with in the 1950s. Benson's new unit even got its own building at Wright Field and its research continued through the subsequent war.[140]

I find it indicative of what might really be going on at Wright-Patterson throughout US Air Force history that Benson was free to stand up his Aeromedical Laboratory when just six years prior it was determined that the school at Randolph would manage the same research pursuits. Why double the effort? What was so special about what Benson's unit was doing that separated it from the School of Aviation Medicine?

Could Benson's actual mandate at Wright Field have been to develop a US Air Force manned space program?

Looking at the accomplishments under his leadership, Benson's lab did establish a centrifugal studies unit that developed an Anti-G suit and he also personally designed an oxygen delivery system for high altitude bomber crews. Though these developments were clearly within the 1934 decision to focus the Wright Field unit on equipment, the extent to which Benson was allowed to take the Aeromedical Laboratory is nagging. What exactly was going on?

It so happens that Benson was indeed aiming his units at Wright Field to pursue data and technology for human space travel -- years before an official program was thought to have been activated by the Air Force and long before other American medical investigators took an interest.[141]

Benson's units studied the possible effects of space travel on the human body, artificial cycles of day and night, planetary atmospheres, weightlessness, human physiology above 63,000 feet, and the design of space cabin simulators were begun at the School of Aviation Medicine during General Benson's tour as commandant. Clearly these pursuits would produce the equipment necessary for the Strategic Air Command's flight crew operations. However, possibly reflective of the previously suggested secret manned spaceflight attempt, it appears Benson might actually have been chasing the stars in a literal sense.[142]

In November 1951, Benson planned and sponsored the first international symposium on space medicine, which resulted in his book, *Physics and Medicine of the Upper Atmosphere,* with C.S. White, which became a standard reference text for work in this field.[143]

What This Means

It is my opinion that Benson's focus on space while at Wright Field very possibly led to an operational USAF manned space program, and may also have been mandated by a prior US interest in human exploration of space. I suspect a classified US Air Force manned space program exists to this day.

But let's return to Benson and the US Air Force of the 1950s for a while as much remains where my father's story is concerned.

The USAF and Operation Paperclip

In 1943, Benson shipped off to North Africa for wartime duty with the Fifteenth Air Force. He next

served in Italy and was ultimately assigned as top US Army air force surgeon in the Mediterranean. Having received the Legion of Merit, with an oak leaf cluster, and a Bronze Star, Benson returned to the US after the war ended and was made chief of the Medical Research Division. This made him supervisory commander of all technical activities of his Aeromedical Lab at Wright Field, the School of Aviation Medicine and, probably most pertinent to the rest of this book, Benson was the technical supervisor of the German scientists at the Aeromedical Center in Heidelberg, Germany.[144]

American military aviation medicine was about to become more interesting.

With receipt of his new command in late 1945, Otis Benson was now in charge of an important aerospace medical center in occupied Germany. The future of American military aviation science and the soon to be founded US Air Force would benefit in great leaps from a murky association with the notorious Operation Paperclip.

Among those Paperclip Germans discussed in a previous chapter was that physiologist and prominent research scientist Dr Hubertus Strughold, MD, PhD, who headed Aeromedical Research for the Luftwaffe from 1935 until the end of the war. Strughold also served in high-ranking medical positions for the US Air Force (and eventually NASA) becoming known as the 'Father of Space Medicine' for his work in the physiological and psychological effects of space travel, interests he had pursued since 1928.[145]

I would note to the reader two points: Strughold began his career in space medicine research in 1928, and his accomplishments include studying the psychological effects of space travel on the human mind[146]. These are very important points as one lends credibility to the possibility of an attempt at manned space travel decades prior than is usually accepted, and the other offers a clue to my dad's experience.

Especially as a result of Operation Paperclip, both the classified elements of US military space exploration technology and subsequent USAF involvement in psychological research programs have their impact on my dad's experience, courtesy of the influence and contributions of Dr Strughold.

Born in the Prussian province of Westphalia, Hubertus Strughold studied at Munich, Gottingen, Munster, and Wurzburg. His growing interest in aviation medicine led him to a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship for a term in the United States, studying at Case University in Ohio and the University of Chicago. Strughold returned to Germany in 1933 where he became a professor at the Wurzburg Physiological Institute. Two years later, he was working for the Nazis.[147]

Selected to head up the Research Institute for Aviation Medicine in Berlin, under Hermann Goring's Ministry of Aviation, Strughold turned the organization into Germany's premier aeromedical research establishment. Though a civilian, Strughold's work was financed by the Luftwaffe and was dedicated to German re-armament. The Institute pioneered the study of medical effects of supersonic speeds and also high-altitude, which led to landmark experiments with altitude chambers.[148] You might already see where this is headed.

Strughold would not remain a civilian, his organization being absorbed into the Luftwaffe Medical Service would come with a commission. Strughold achieved the rank of Colonel and served in the newly renamed Air Force Institute for Aviation Medicine, under the command of General Erich

Hippke. In this capacity he would enter a dark association with human experimentation of an atrocious nature.[149]

While attending the conference in Nuremburg in October of 1942, Strughold and Hippke learned of the medical research conducted by their colleague Dr. Sigmund Rascher of the SS, who presented a lecture on his experiments in medical physiology using prisoners of the Dachau concentration camp[150]. Rascher's experiments on human subjects included immersion in freezing water, surgery without anesthetic, and being placed in air pressure chambers. In Rascher's work, we have some confirmation of my dad's claims, as you shall see.

Many of the human subjects died and after the war several of Strughold's close associates mentioned previously were put on trial for war crimes, but the good doctor convinced US authorities that there was nothing he could have done had he 'known' -- in spite of admitting attendance at the conference in which Rascher laid out the details in his presentation.[151]

After the war, Strughold came under suspicion when his name was listed with twelve individuals and organizations that were identified as having committed atrocities during the war. In late 1945, while he was working for the US as chief scientist at the Aeromedical Center, (which, incidentally, was located at the former Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Medical Research), Strughold was tagged for Operation Paperclip and the US Army whisked him away to Randolph Field and the School of Aviation Medicine. His assignment was Otis Benson's pet subject: space travel research.[152]

As a Paperclip scientist working in the United States, Strughold pursued the first landmark studies in atmosphere control, weightlessness, and disruption of time cycles. These all scream 'manned space travel'. Along with the obvious physiological aspects of the research, there was always present the psychological focus.[153]

There are logical reasons for studying pilot stress factors, but Strughold's work was clearly not limited to standard cockpit simulations. Having originated the first known space cabin simulator, Strughold's subjects spent impressive lengths of time inside the small enclosed environment to determine the limits of human physical and mental stresses in space. It's pretty obvious what Benson and the USAF were pursuing and the German scientist's contribution was appreciated. US citizenship for Strughold came in 1956, though two years later he would be investigated for WW2 war crimes, ultimately be exonerated by the Justice Department.[154]

Strughold was at the center of research and design of pressure suits, life support systems, and training of all flight surgeons relative to the Gemini program. Naturally the methods used in America did not involve lethal human experimentation, but Strughold and his peers possessed the knowledge gleaned from such dark practices to benefit of the United States' first pioneering steps into the unknown. In 1962, Strughold would be named chief scientist of NASA's Aerospace Medical Division and provide the same expertise for the Apollo program. It was for Gemini that my dad did ground testing of the flight suits being developed during 1957-58.[155]

What might Strughold have had to do with my dad's service?

Hubertus Strughold would not entirely escape scrutiny for his past. When several of his German Ministry colleagues were put on trial in 1947, Strughold had indeed submitted reference documents in

their defense. He had evaded further investigation at the time, and had been exonerated in the 1958 case, but in 1974 was investigated again by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, though that case was dropped due to lack of evidence. The Justice Department apparently decided to ignore their prior ruling and looked at Strughold again in 1983, but dropped the matter when the much vaunted space scientist died three years later. Ironically, it would be US Army documents that would cast the final judgment on Strughold.[156]

By 1993, much more was known about what had gone on at Dachau and Strughold's name turned up on a US Army Intelligence list of war criminals wanted by US authorities. One by one, many honors given to Hubertus Strughold were stripped, ultimately the removal of his name from the Aeromedical Library at Brooks AFB. In 2006, Strughold was even removed from the International Space Hall of Fame in Alamogordo.[157]

What was it that investigators suspected Strughold had done while employed in Nazi Germany's Luftwaffe?

A 2004 investigation revealed that six children from the Brandenburg Euthanasia Center were handed over to Strughold's laboratory in Berlin where they were subjected to experiments in high altitude simulation in vacuum chambers. These children were forced into epileptic seizures in an attempt to simulate altitude sickness, like hypoxia. The children amazingly did not die. But due to a lack of direct evidence to prove Strughold's personal involvement, resistance to further erasure of his name from prestigious awards and facilities emerged based upon his significant contribution to the American space program.[158]

In this troubling situation, I see confirmation of my dad's claim about his altitude chamber training. My father had long ago told me of watching old WW2 German films of human altitude chamber tests. But is it really true?

The Issue of Nazi Training Films

John Marks in *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate: The CIA and Mind Control* (Times Books, 1979) writes: *"Under the cover of 'aviation medicine' inmates were crushed to death in high altitude pressure chambers (to learn how high pilots could safely fly)"*[159]

My dad never even hinted that children were the subjects of anything he saw so I doubt he saw the particular experiments involving the Brandenburg center subjects. However, he did tell me that the human test subjects were from concentration camps so I suspect these were films of the Dachau tests by Sigmund Rascher which Strughold likely learned about, and perhaps saw, at that 1942 conference in Nuremburg. Specifics described by my father are indeed gruesome.

As disturbing as this revelation may be to some readers, consider the position of American military aviation scientists. Rather than risk our own personnel or anyone else, why not at least learn from the data already available? I'm confident that was how they looked at it back then.

I am confident that my dad was probably telling the truth where the gruesome Nazi film footage is concerned. Let's continue with making the case for a USAF manned space program.

Goose-Stepping to the Stars

Another of the Heidelberg scientists recruited by Paperclip and assigned to the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph AFB was Heinz Haber.

A physicist, Heinz Haber also served as a reconnaissance pilot in the Luftwaffe until 1942 when he was assigned to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Physics. Interestingly, Haber's work there involved building a diffraction spectrograph which implies all sorts of interesting possibilities. Through the late 1940s, Haber worked closely with Strughold on space medicine advances. Together with his brother, Dr Fritz Haber, Heinz developed the simulation of weightlessness via parabolic flight. Heinz was well known for co-hosting Walt Disney's 'Man In Space' television show with Werner von Braun and was the chief science consultant to Disney studios. Heinz was also an associate physicist at UCLA.[160]

Frtiz Haber originated the parabolic training idea for astronauts, simulating weightlessness via flying a plane like a roller coaster. The now famous KC-135 'Vomit Comet' is the legacy of Fritz and his brother. But before all the fun in America, Fritz Haber worked for the German aircraft company Junkers in Dessau during the war. His contribution there also resulted in a lasting American space program legacy: Fritz Haber created the piggyback system of missile delivery which NASA would later modify to transport the Space Shuttle on the back of a 747.[161]

At the end of the war, Fritz missed capture by the Russians only because he had been in western Germany for the birth of his son when the zones were seized. He was instead captured by the United States and brought into the Paperclip fold, like his brother. Interestingly, along with his work for the US Air Force, Fritz would work for Avco Lycoming[162], a rocket engine manufacturer that was funded with capital from W. A. Harriman with whom readers of my breakaway research will be familiar.

I mention the Habers not because there is evidence of Nazi atrocity in their background[163] but rather for the suggestion of perception management and breakaway association, respectively.

Heinz' association with Disney was for the purpose of promoting human space exploration, specifically for civilian consumption. That Disney produced such a series is not without a national interest motive, specifically the implied defense benefits of American superiority off planet. However, Fritz' employment with Avco could imply some vague connection to a private space program, in particular to the Prussian group that I have written about elsewhere.[164]

And speaking of Prussians, there is another of Benson's recruits to whom we must return: Dr. Walter Schreiber.

MREs On Mars?

You may be wondering why the story of Major General Dr Walter Schreiber has anything to do with my father's story. In an examination of strange events that might suggest a secret USAF space program, anything associated with secret space program lore may be pertinent.

The possibility that a classified space program started by the US Air Force in the 1950's may explain aspects of my dad's story will be discussed later, but let's consider one last nagging issue about Dr Schreiber with this topic in mind.

That Schreiber's alleged assignment for the School of Aviation Medicine was research into survival and nutrition in remote locations[165] is suggestive. If you assume that this was merely to support deployed USAF personnel on Diego Garcia or downed pilots somewhere in Mongolia, you have to ask just what did a Nazi scientist know about such relatively mundane issues that Otis Benson and the Joint Chiefs spent so much energy and concern to keep him in the fold and facilitate his escape to South America?

What was Walter Schreiber *really* doing for the US Air Force School of Aviation Medicine? Might his survival and nutrition research have been in anticipation of remote environments *not on Earth*?

It could explain some things.

SUMMARY

The facts demonstrate the direct link between Operation Paperclip and the USAF School of Aviation Medicine, which my father attended twice. In fact, aviation medicine seemed to have driven much of Operation Paperclip to begin with, something I admittedly had not known before working on the research for this book.

It was the US Army Air Force that recruited 58 German scientists via Operation Paperclip[166]. It was German aviation medical research and development from which these scientists were drawn. It was to Otis Benson's aeromedical wonderland they were assigned. It would be the wartime atrocities committed by several of the Air Force Paperclip Germans that would be brought to light and ultimately tarnish the reputation of Operation Paperclip itself.

I came away with an impression I didn't have before, that Operation Paperclip's biggest beneficiary was the US Air Force. It was as if the Air Force, and the US military in general, had a *'don't ask, don't tell'* policy regarding their Nazi scientists' wartime activities.

CONCLUSION

My dad's claims about Nazi material in his training are valid. What these Germans were assigned to do for US military aviation medicine (and other fields) suggest that the US Air Force was building an operational and ultimately classified manned space program. Such a program in the early years of Cold War tension would explain the highest level of secrecy applied to the project my dad said he was assigned to in Arizona, and that secrecy would justify extreme measures like hypnotic suppression.

And that brings us to the next chapter.

The historical facts repeatedly suggest a secret USAF space program developing years prior to NASA. USAF aviation medicine has proven to be *space* medicine all along. With the potential Nazi Bell technology link to a USAF space program via Hubertus Strughold, it appears that Otis Benson's push for the stars may have taken our airmen into strange and exotic spaces.[167]

And that is why we must venture into the bizarre realms of the human mind for it turns out that our ambitious flyboys were also keenly interested in this particular plane of inner space. What would psychology have to do with outer space and especially my dad's story?

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Climb in the back with your head in the clouds
And you're gone...
-- John Lennon & Paul McCartney

There are logical reasons for the Air Force space scientists to be studying psychology.

I have already mentioned Strughold's space cabin simulator, which Benson emulated at Wright-Patterson[168]. You don't want your crews cracking up out there so it would be prudent to know what the cold isolation of lengthy space travel could do to the human psyche. The better to identify the best profile for astronaut candidates.

But space explorer recruitment was not the limit of US Air Force interest in psychology.

You might think I'd rather not go here, but go here we must, in spite of what it might mean to my

father's story.

Why are we looking to MKULTRA for an answer to my dad's mysterious tale? Because MKULTRA concerned itself with the mysteries of the human mind and how to control it. What did MKULTRA have to do with the US Air Force?

In the mid 1990s, after I had earned a commission and became an agent for the Air Force OSI, Colonel Lundy and I had one of our late night discussions as we walked around his sleeping neighborhood. Such discussions are more like briefings and in this particular instance he was informing me of sensitive details of my father's service. Colonel Lundy had known my dad for almost forty years by that time and, as he always did, he spoke in his southern manner.

"Your Pappy is what they call manic-depressive. You know it, he knows it. You grew up dealing with his mood swings. The extent of his moods wasn't entirely his nature, however...

"After he was out in the desert working for Wilson, they hypnotized him to suppress his memories. The hypnosis was linked to the full moon. It had to stay as much in place as they could set it for the rest of his life. You look up and see the full moon every month, he sees the same damned moon you do. But when he sees it, that hypnosis reactivates the block on his memory of that assignment.

"The effect on his mind is that his memories are foggy where that is concerned. Now, with time it can and has broken down a bit, year by year. It's why you're able to get more out of him. That's the problem with the method they used. Keying it to the full moon is a good idea but instead of blocking it out, your pappy just has a harder time pulling it all up. You have to realize that it has been almost forty years since they did it ."

Colonel Lundy had dropped a bombshell on my perception of my dad's tale. Who likely had administered the hypnosis? Was it voluntary? What did it say about what was going in the Arizona underground that was so sensitive and classified so highly that nondisclosure orders and the threat of prison were not enough to secure it among its own personnel?

I'll offer my answers to those questions but the first order of business is to determine what evidence exists to suggest that the US Air Force would even use such methods. This is where MKULTRA and the CIA enter the stage.

For those who aren't familiar with it, MKULTRA's roots date back to 1945 and Operation Paperclip. It is important for the reader to know what John Marks says in the beginning of his book on America's mind control quest: *"Nothing the CIA ever did in its postwar search for mind-control technology came close to the callous killing of the Nazi 'aviation research'"* [169]

After the war, what the OSS captured of the Nazi mind control data was gathered and sent back to the United States. This included advances in hypnosis and experiments with mescaline. None of this German research was ever revealed publicly.[170]

The Nazis started it and the US pursuit of mind control followed in late 1947 at the Naval Medical Research Institute which ran Operation CHATTER to find a drug that would essentially make an enemy agent spill his secrets. During the six years of this program, the recently fashioned Central Intelligence Agency stood up Project BLUEBIRD on 20 April 1950, a program initially dedicated to developing effective interrogation techniques, was signed into existence by then CIA Director Roscoe Hillenkoetter, he of ufology's long adored MJ-12 legend.[171]

What is interesting to me about BLUEBIRD's original purpose in developing a foolproof interrogation system is that it called for use of three-man teams consisting of a psychiatrist, a technician and a polygraph examiner trained in hypnosis[172]. It turns out hypnosis was on the 'to do' list of the CIA before any of these programs came to be and it came to be an integral element of much that was done under these programs. The other thing on their minds was a fear of mind control[173].

This concern that the Soviets might brainwash captured American pilots and operatives and turn them against us led to BLUEBIRD being refocused to explore a way to block mind control and thus was it determined the only way to do that was to understand it, which in turn required learning how to use mind control. This led to some unsavory activities like electro-shock to induce 'selective' amnesia[174]. In this we enter the ballpark of what I had been told was done to my dad a few years later.

BLUEBIRD was responsible for mind control research for a little over a year before it was refashioned into Project ARTICHOKE by 1952 inspired by an interest in gaining control over an agent's mind and controlling his will. It is with ARTICHOKE we first learn of keen US Air Force interest in these mind control programs, its specific concern here being interrogation techniques that would be used on downed pilots. But USAF interest in mind control would expand.[175]

Under Project ARTICHOKE, the CIA sought again to focus on inducing amnesia, as it had under BLUEBIRD. Ingeniously the agency scientists discovered that "the greater amnesia produced, the more effective the results"[176]. Isn't that the most profound thing you ever heard? *'The more I hammer your head, the more it will hurt and bleed'*

Among the service branches most interested in ARTICHOKE was the US Air Force[177], and ARTICHOKE's first behavioral research expert Morse Allen's primary fascination was hypnosis. In fact, ARTICHOKE scientists used reference to 'medical treatment' as a euphemism for hypnosis, they were so dedicated to its application[178].

Among the program's objectives was to identify a subject from the one in five determined to be a good subject for hypnosis and use it to create a splinter personality from within said subject[179]. Another was to apply hypnosis to a field agent to embed mission directives that could only be activated via preset signals and not be recalled by the agent afterwards. In this we see a precedent for US Air Force interest in practical applications of hypnosis for operational needs.[180]

ARTICHOKE officially closed in 1953 with the end of the Korean War but was actually refashioned into Project MKULTRA. That year, CIA Director Allen Dulles enlisted the expertise of neurologist Dr Harold Wolff to pursue knowledge of the mind control techniques which the Agency suspected were employed by the Soviets. Wolff brought his associate Lawrence Hinkle from Cornell University on board and they became the new gurus of brainwashing and mind control research on behalf of the US intelligence community via the CIA.[181]

The funny thing about that is that the US Air Force, as well as the Army, was running its own parallel program on mind control at the same time[182]. Led by Colonel James Monroe, USAF, who would eventually jump over to the Agency; and Dr Fred Williams of the Air Force Psychological Warfare Division, this vaguely alluded program leaves one hard-pressed to identify. Monroe would go on to oversee resources for various mind control research projects of the CIA including that of the

legendary Ewen Cameron[183] who developed his process of 'psychic driving' to re-pattern human behavior using looped recordings on subjects sequestered in sleep rooms in 1953 and by 1957 was into sensory deprivation research.

One of the specific methods in which the Agency and its earlier ARTICHOKE customers had expressed interest was the desire to trigger hypnotically induced amnesia at the right time[184]. That they were even working on this in 1959 suggests to me that basic methods of triggering operationally selective amnesia was something that might have been available by the time my father was on his assignment at Gunter AFB in 1958.

Is it possible that the parallel Air Force ARTICHOKE program discovered the method of linking the hypnosis to the full moon as a result of these mind control pursuits?

I say that is entirely possible. It is interesting to note that by 1960 the CIA was committed to inducing more durable amnesia instantly via posthypnotic suggestion. What is it that was done to my father just a couple years prior but this very thing, the posthypnotic 'suggestion' being the sight of the full moon every month for the remainder of his life? Did a US Air Force breakthrough in hypnotic suggestion move the CIA to further pursue the technique?

The timing is compelling and suggests to me that what Colonel Lundy said was done to my father has the history to back it up.

Having established a direct US Air Force connection to the CIA's legendary MKULTRA mind control programs and demonstrated a specific involvement in hypnotically-induced amnesia, there remains another major possibility regarding my father's story.

It may be that what he said happened in eastern Arizona, in the subterranean realm of the hidden race, is not what happened at all. Or maybe not exactly.

Planted Narrative of Memories?

One of things MKULTRA scientists explored was whether false memories could be implanted.

Lest the reader assume that US intelligence didn't get into this stuff until after Operation Paperclip brought the Nazi version to America, the OSS had been goofing around with it during the war. They had considered using hypnosis on a captured German, manipulating him to hate the Gestapo and assassinate Hitler[185]. The notorious Richard Helms, who had interviewed Hitler prior to the war, was an early OSS proponent of mind control research. OSS behavioral science pursuits had served the agency well and they valued the military utility of psychiatry and psychology, sociology and anthropology[186], and thus were mind control scientists certain to be at the top of the intelligence community shopping list for German scientists.

It was spring of 1943 in Basel, Switzerland, and Dr Albert Hofmann of the Sandoz chemical company was riding home on his bicycle when he suddenly felt dizzy and made his way home where he laid down in a pleasant spin. This was followed by 'an uninterrupted stream of fantastic images of extraordinary plasticity and vividness, accompanied by an intense kaleidoscope-like play of colors.' After the effect wore off, Hofmann suspected that he had been exposed to the LSD he had created in

his lab.[187]

On that day in 1943, while Hofman was tripping on LSD, a couple of hundred miles away in an SS lab the Gestapo medical research staff was playing around with mescaline at Dachau. They hoped to 'eliminate the will of the person examined' specifically in the pursuit of mind control[188]. Did they succeed? Some think so.

It is John Marks' description of the work of Albert Hofmann and that first LSD trip in 1943 that offers a hint at what I think may have happened to my dad. Such pursuits were reminiscent of 'fantastic powers of ancient legends, comparable to the spells and potions of wizards'. Whatever the Nazi scientists were doing with such stuff, nothing they had done with mind control experiments was revealed to the American public at the time of Operation Paperclip. The OSS' successor CIA would maintain the same level of secrecy on their own dabbling in the fairy realm of the psyche.

The Operation Paperclip connection we can look to for this is Dr Friedrich 'Fritz' Hoffman whom the US Army Chemical Corps had obtained and teamed up with the technical director of the Chemical and Radiological Laboratories, Dr L. Wilson Greene whose vision of a new kind of warfare led to pursuit of hallucinogenic and psychotomimetic drugs. Hoffman was the man for the job as he was a recognized expert in the study of mescaline, fly agaric, and many other natural substances known to open mental realms since ancient times. As much as an impact as this may have had on the Army, the guys really impressed with Hoffman and Greene's work were running the Special Operations Division of the CIA.[189]

By the late 1950s, the era of my dad's service, Greene and the CIA were testing LSD and other drugs were being tested on army and naval personnel[190]. Consent was reportedly not a firm issue, contributing to the later controversy over MKULTRA in general[191]. This going on in the military at this particular time raises two questions: How do we know they didn't test this on air force personnel, like my dad? Might my father have been subject to one of these hallucinogenic psychochemical warfare experiments?

This potentially changes the perspective entirely. Is it possible that everything my dad described in his strange tale was nothing more than drug-induced fantasy? Might his involvement in an experiment have been suppressed via the hypnosis? Would they have gone to such lengths simply to keep a security lid on an experiment?

As John Marks puts it: *"Only one aspect remained constant during the quarter-century of active research: The CIA's interest in controlling the human mind had to remain absolutely secret."*[192]

The military participation in this research was directly associated with the CIA one way or another. Everyone was already playing around with hypnosis so why not use it to ensure tighter security? Especially with research the parent organization insisted had to remain 'absolutely secret'? If my dad had been subject to the covert drug research, he could have been hypnotized to suppress that involvement.

But what about the US Air Force specifically? We already know of the USAF enthusiasm for facets of MKULTRA starting with ARTICHOKE, but hallucinogenic drugs?

To Sandoz laboratory where LSD was developed during the war, a Sandoz executive would later reveal, various Americans had made inquiries about LSD -- including the US Air Force.[193]

During the 1950s, the US military was already funding their own drug research programs under the auspices of chemical warfare. They could obtain LSD by the ton, if they so desired. US military security agencies in particular supported LSD research with experts from the Missouri Institute of Psychiatry, the Naval Medical Research Institute, the New York Psychiatric Institute and various other university departments around the northeast. In fact, Eli Lily, one of only two manufacturers of LSD in the west, provided its entire inventory of the drug to the US military and the Agency.[194]

John Marks points out that by 1953 the CIA was using LSD operationally before testing was even complete and by 1957 six drugs were being used in the field by the CIA. *"One speck of LSD could take a strong-willed man and turn his most basic perceptions into willowy shadows. Time, space, right, wrong, order, and the notion of what was possible all took on new faces."*[195]

If the Agency was going forward with operational use of LSD and other drugs, I see no reason to think the US military was not. The US Air Force would not have run the aforementioned parallel program to waste resources and effort on simple redundancy. I propose they were doing the same as the CIA within their own context.

The CIA placed secrecy paramount to all considerations, and by association the military customers of their programs did likewise. We can surmise that the USAF aviation medicine command would seek to keep a lid on whatever experiments which my father could have been involved. Especially with an operational application, I can safely suggest that the USAF mind scientists would have tried hypnosis to suppress my dad's memories of participation in whatever activity had involved LSD or any other such drug.

Now we reach the intersection of CIA hypnosis and drug research as it pertains to MKULTRA mind control and my father.

If the answer to my dad's weird tale is a drug-induced fantasy suppressed through hypnosis, then it appears there may not have been any briefing on a 'Roswell' scenario at Wright-Patterson. Neither might there have been any mysterious underground search and rescue operation, no encounter with people from another civilization in Arizona. It could all be explained by participation in an aviation medicine experiment using LSD or some other drug.

But what about my analysis that he was not making it all up? How could it have been so real to my dad?

I have some ideas on that but first we must consider the power of these substances. Remember that the CIA had employed the German Paperclip scientists who had dabbled with mescaline and other long known natural hallucinogenics. The Agency also sent its scientists around the world to obtain various samples of other natural hallucinogenics known to various tribal cultures for their properties of seeming to transport the user between dimensions[196].

Many people in our times have used recreational drugs. Some have experience with these very hallucinogenics with which the CIA had dabbled because they became popular in subsequent years

among the drug culture. As you might imagine, I am not among those hobbyists, but it turns out that I can contribute my two cents on this issue.

Captain Walter's Wild Trip

It was late summer 2010 and I was not yet forty-seven years old. I woke up one morning and, upon opening my eyes, the ceiling spun wildly. Actually, it tumbled repeatedly down on me with the walls. Startling was one way you could describe the experience. I quickly closed my eyes and the sensation subsided and stopped, though my anxiety did not. Opening my eyes again, the ceiling and walls spun and came down upon me. I shut my eyes.

Anyone who knows me will tell you I'm not a heavy drinker. I enjoy the occasional scotch, have red wine on hand for a meal maybe once a week or so, and simply never drink to excess. So for the record, it wasn't a hangover that I was experiencing. Not being a recreational drug enthusiast, it wasn't anything in that category either. Yet there I was in the throes of vertigo. What might it have been? An impending ear infection?

I could not stand without completely falling over, so I didn't try that after the first attempt. I crawled to the bathroom to go pee and then crawled back down the hall to the living room where I pulled myself onto the sofa and there I basically spent the next four days. But it was on the second day that something extraordinary happened.

It wasn't difficult to fall asleep after lying on the couch all day and not moving. That first night I slept deeply but on the morning of the second day, in my last minutes of sleep, I experienced -- to paraphrase Albert Hofmann's experience -- 'an uninterrupted stream of fantastic images and vividness' including a massive 'kaleidoscopic play of colors' in a night sky. The most incredible sky I ever saw awake or in a dream state, with the most beautiful aurora borealis undulating slowly, as if on cosmic steroids.

And that does not even begin to do justice to the sound I heard during all of this: singularly the most pleasing musical tones ever to flow into my ears, playing a gentle cacophony on the cool night breeze.

It was wondrous.

If I could go back to that dream, not a second would I waste to get there. I have also wanted to hear that music again and will hear glimpses of it for the remainder of my life. At times, I yearn to hear that music again. What exactly was this dream? It was on the level of a vision, not just a dream. I had never experienced any dream so distinctly lifelike, it was that vivid. Waking from it was like being pulled from Heaven and held back on Earth.

Nothing short of astonishing. Naturally, I had to figure out what had caused this dream or if it meant anything.

My first inclination was to analyze the situation and sure enough the answer presented itself pretty quickly. I reviewed what had I eaten or drank the night before. No alcohol, no rich foods late at night -- because having woke up with vertigo the morning prior, I had only eaten crackers or toast and drank water the entire day and evening. I next considered what I had been ingesting lately that was

different from my routine, and that led me to the ultimate explanation: for a period of fourteen days in a row I had consumed two large cans of my preferred energy drink.

What could energy drinks do to me? These were the tall boy cans. The beverage was carbonated and blueberry flavored, sugar free, with a ton of caffeine. But my research uncovered that it was none of that. It was another ingredient: guarana.

I discovered that guarana, a caffeine intense fruit seed of a plant common in Brazil, is known to cause vertigo when enough of the stuff is ingested. Consumption of more than 300mg per day can cause serious side effects -- or even death[197]. I was consuming twice that amount per day for two weeks.

If a natural substance ingested in a beverage over the course of several days caused the conditions under which I felt literally transported to another time and place -- experiencing the intensely lucid sights and sensations that I cannot forget -- then I present this experience as my personal bonafides and join many who have experienced what can be done to human perception through artificially induced means.

I will add that if what I described is anything like what you recreational trippers experience, I understand why you go back to it. But being who I am, I won't even ingest an ounce of guarana ever again because I am in no way willing to experience vertigo to go back to that place.

Think about it: I had my wild trip on an overdose of a simple damned energy drink. Imagine if my dad had been administered LSD or mescaline or any other substance the USAF was using at the time. No wonder he believed what he was telling me. I believe what I saw in my dream!

I know the possibility that my dad's tale was nothing more than a drug-induced mind trip will be disappointing to some readers. It is to me. However, it must be put on the table and for a very good reason, not the least of which being that the USAF drug experimentation is a point of historical fact during the time my dad was on active duty in the very command that would have been involved in it.

But I cannot overlook that there is indeed a disconnected quality to my dad's tale and this could suggest an artificiality to his recall of the events.

An Objective Inspection

My father described to me a flight from the base in Alabama, headed ostensibly to a base in Texas, which was diverted to Ohio. Specifically, the flight was diverted somewhere over Mississippi or Louisiana and went to Wright-Patterson AFB instead. On this flight, my dad described a USAF intelligence officer, a Major Milton Knight, who emerged from the forward cabin and informed them of the change in plans. After this flight, he told me of the briefing and revelations at Wright-Patterson.

Notice the detail. My dad recalled that he was on a military aircraft headed for a base in Texas, likely Randolph or Kelly, and the plane was diverted over Mississippi or Louisiana and went on to a specific base in Ohio. So what about after the briefings at Wright-Patterson? What about the flight to Arizona?

My dad never described getting to Arizona. For that matter, he never described returning to Alabama where he had been in training at Gunter AFB.

I find this curious because I've done a lot of air travel in my professional life, including military service. When I tell someone about my deployment to Saudi Arabia with the USAF, I generally don't exclude the commercial flights between Dayton and South Carolina or the flight from there to Frankfurt to meet up with the military charter flight which itself. That was singularly the most uncomfortable damned flight I ever took. The flights were part of the experience for various reasons comical or otherwise.

My point is that I find it odd my father would not have described the flight to Arizona, particularly for such a bizarre assignment. Because he described the flight to Wright-Patterson AFB, I suppose that it could have actually happened. This is supported by a very real world association to that base via his specialty in physiological training. However, I must question whether the flight to Arizona happened, particularly under the scenario we are presently exploring (and there is another). The missing flights are not the only anomalies to consider.

Upon further analysis, I noticed that my dad's story jumps from one episode to the next. First the flight to Ohio and then the briefings at Wright-Patterson, and then he's in Arizona working for Wilson in the underground location. Finally he's encountering the Other People and the guy is killed. The story ends there.

Something seems to be missing.

I accept that he was in Alabama at the end of the training TDY primarily because his DD214 says he was there, but I know he was there because it was right before leaving Montgomery with my mom who confirmed it. Even more notably, the other stuff about flying the helicopters in the subterranean world and the technology transfer was never actually put into a logical sequence of events.

How long was my dad in Arizona? Did he fly helicopters underground before or after encountering the Other People who killed his associate? The problem is that he didn't specify and that nags at me. As an investigator, I want to put it all together in an identifiable string of events, a timeline that makes sense and lends some credibility to the whole story, but I can't. Upon close inspection, my dad's account does not come across like a series of things that happened.

But it does fit the telling of a dream.

Think about the vivid dreams you've had. Be honest with yourself, a dream is usually a bunch of scenes that come one right after another and most often goes from one to the next without a linking narrative. That is what my dad's story is like, a dream. But it still may not quite be a simple dream.

SUMMARY

The Nazis originated the seed of mind control research during WW2 and this data was captured by the OSS. Operation Paperclip Germans contributed to the US pursuit of mind control research by the CIA.

CIA scientists explored the frontiers of LSD and mushrooms, discovering what they could and could not do in the never-ending pursuit to create a robot agent entirely at their command, also finding along the way what could be done with memories, suppressing and fabricating them alike.

What we've learned in this chapter demonstrates that the US Air Force was definitely involved in CIA mind control research and its applications. The Air Force went off in its own direction with a program parallel to what the CIA was doing with hypnosis and hallucinogens through the duration of MKULTRA, right through the period of my dad's enlistment and beyond.

CONCLUSION

Because I was told that my father had undergone hypnotic suppression, I must assume that the technique administered to him was among the products of MKULTRA further developed by USAF aeromedical scientists at Wright-Patterson AFB.

My dad's story may have been a planted narrative experienced in a drug-induced semi-dream state. It may very well have actually been put into his head while he slept in a room in a laboratory at Wright-Patterson AFB. The CIA research into using hypnosis to create an assassin is evidence of that this technology was pursued.

That would explain a lot, if my dad had actually been part of a program conducted by USAF aviation medical scientists using hallucinogenics, first in their pursuit to understand what could be done to counter Soviet brainwashing of downed pilots and then perhaps to provide fabricated cover, i.e. a planted narrative, for sensitive operations. Because my dad was an aviation medicine asset and this particular USAF command was specifically linked to CIA MKULTRA programs, it makes sense that he could have been a test subject.

But what's this about a 'planted narrative'? Am I suggesting that the Arizona operation and all its otherworldiness was purposely implanted into my father's mind? Could the US Air Force do such a thing?

History demonstrates that it is indeed possible that my dad's wild story could have been implanted into his memory to cover a sensitive experiment.

Or a classified operation...

CHAPTER TWELVE

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine...
...Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine...

-- Percy Montrose/Barker Bradford

It would wrap this analysis up very nicely if we were to accept that my dad's imaginative tale was merely an episode in the annals of US military psychological warfare experiments.

But that won't work, primarily because of my sources: Colonel Lundy, a pseudonym for a man I choose not to name, and another man who does not want to be named, whom I will call 'Billy Les'. These two provided me with information that implies two possibilities, one of which just doesn't fly.

What did these sources provide that make me willing to cite them when I can't identify them? Independent corroboration, of a sort, for my dad's story.

Colonel Lundy you know already. You also know what he told me: that my dad's story actually happened and that Wilson is (by now likely was) a living human being. That an intelligence agent senior to me affirmed those elements of the story demands we question the conclusion that it was all a drug-induced dream.

Of course, there is the option where Lundy was part of the experiment to begin with and is simply still covering for it, invoking the elements of the dream fantasy. Lundy was in US Army Special Forces by 1958.[198]

Ah, but wait. Colonel Lundy invoking elements of a fabricated dream story forty years later suggests

he would have to know those elements. If merely a dream my father had under the influence of hallucinogenics, how would anyone know? The option of a planted narrative gains some credibility in this instance.

It is the same for Billy Les' contribution to my soft interrogation of my dad. It was Bill who asked me the name of the intelligence officer who emerged from the forward cabin on the flight to Wright-Patterson, and specifically asked if this officer was a 'Major Milton Knight'. I didn't know at the time so I agreed to find out, promptly setting up a lunch with my dad the next day. I got my dad onto The Subject and, doing my best 'forgetful Inspector Columbo' bit, asked him, "That intel officer on the plane to Wright-Pat, uh...the Major... What was his name again...?"

I was a bit stunned when he said, without skipping a beat, "Major Milton Knight."

That happened. I can't prove it to you, but I'm willing to put it print here and stand by it. When I got back to Billy Les and confirmed it, he was impressed, too. Unless Bill was also working on the experiment with my dad at Wright-Patterson back in 1958, this is a significant piece of information. It's a compelling suggestion that something about my dad's story is true, as he told it.

Of course, it must be acknowledged that even with a USAF drug experiment scenario, the trip to Wright-Patterson AFB could have happened. That my dad included this flight in his story, but no others, also suggests it. I can't reduce the significance of Billy Les, over forty years later, knowing the name of the intelligence officer on that plane back in 1958. I don't know the specifics of Bill's personal interest in this event, I can only surmise it relates in a general association to his own research.[199]

For the sake of further analysis, let's proceed with the idea that my dad not only went to Wright-Patterson AFB, as claimed, but also did indeed go to Arizona. I ask the reader to continue with me on this because there is actually a reason to entertain this possibility. A real world possibility may provide an alternative scenario to a drug experiment option while still including it and the accompanying hypnosis as well.

Air Force Underground

Assuming, for sake of analysis, that the briefing at Wright-Patterson AFB happened and my dad went on to Arizona. We must therefore ask the questions: What could the briefing actually have been about? And why might the USAF have actually sent my dad to Arizona in 1958?

There are two considerations here. Let's look at the first.

The briefing at Wright-Patterson would have obviously pertained to information regarding whatever my dad was really going to do in Arizona. If his strange version was a cover then I propose the purpose was to provide cover for something highly classified. So what in 1958 might that have been?

There are two air force bases in Arizona that existed in 1958. The Tuscon Army Air Field, established in 1940, was renamed Davis-Monthan AFB in 1948. Luke AFB, established as an army air field in 1941, was reactivated in 1951 as Luke AFB.[200]

In 1958, Luke AFB was placed under the Tactical Air Command and re-designated as the 4510th

Combat Crew Training Wing. Davis-Monthan was under the Air Defense Command at that time. Starting in the 1960s, there ended up being 18 nuclear missile silos in the greater Tucson area.[201]

Might my dad have been actually assigned to some function USAF missile silo or radar station construction operations? It's possible but it doesn't make sense where his specialty was concerned. Since the silos date only as far back as 1962[202], it's even less likely. But that doesn't eliminate the possibility of some other underground operation, as missile silos and radars stations were not the only facilities that were built underground.

A lot of talk about underground bases goes on in the alternative research community, especially in the 'discipline' of ufology. Much of it is hearsay, wishful thinking, or simply tall tales. That's why I'm going to stay away from such stuff in this analysis. Instead we will consider facilities of more credible record and sources because there is actually enough to be found there.

The question is: was the US Air Force involved in underground facilities other than missile silos and radar stations? Indeed they were, as the underground facilities at Wright-Patterson AFB[203] and inside Cheyenne Mountain outside of Denver famously demonstrate.

In 1959, the *Air Force Times* reported the USAF intention to build an underground SAGE radar facility with the US Department of the Interior in Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, and two years before that the US Army announced plans to build an underground rocket assembly factory inside Green Mountain near Huntsville, Alabama, where the Redstone Arsenal and the Huntsville Industrial Expansion Committee were acquiring a lot of real estate in pursuit of a planned 'subterranean Pentagon' of sorts to the tune of 200 acres.[204]

You may have heard of the RAND Corporation. It's a major think tank that has been around for almost almost seventy years. But did you know it started out in 1946 as US Air Force 'Project RAND'? Its original charter was far-reaching research projects for the air force. As the newly founded RAND Corporation, the organization's pursuits included engineering, economics, mathematics, physics and social science. By the late 1950s, RAND had moved into issues concerning underground base construction for the US military.[205]

In March of 1959, RAND hosted an event dedicated to examining the difficulties of protecting deep underground installations or those inside mountains[206]. Did they mean planned installations? Or were there already such facilities in existence?

A 1960 RAND report commissioned by the US Air Force identified twelve potential sites for underground facilities that would be at least 1,000 feet below the surface[207]. Since 1957 RAND had been specifically investigating issues relative to defending hardened underground installations from nuclear attack[208]. The continuity of government facilities project had established protection for the President and Congress starting in 1952[209], so if such subterranean facilities as those at Mt Weather existed earlier that decade, what had the US Air Force built by 1958?

That's difficult to answer because, according to Richard Sauder, author of two excellent books full of real data on actual underground military and government facility construction, the Deputy Director of Engineering and Construction for the US Army Corps of Engineers Lloyd A. Duscha told a 1980 conference audience that *"I must deviate a little because s**everal of the most interesting facilities that have been designed***

and constructed by the Corps are classified. *"*[210]

Sauder also points out other comments attributed to Duscha about sensitive underground facilities consisting of chambers 50 feet wide and 100 feet high. Sauder notes that Duscha refers to a *"critical and unusual nature of these projects..."*[211]

So again I ask what might the Air Force have been doing underground? In 1949, USAF engineers penetrated into the Manzano range near Albuquerque, New Mexico, constructing chambers 30 feet high, 40 feet wide and 100 feet long off of main tunnels[212]. The 1960 RAND report identified potential underground sites in Mohave and Coconino counties in Arizona. But it might be a Defense Nuclear Agency site that could prove of particular interest to this analysis.

According to a November 1975 report by H.R. Pratt and S.J. Green *A Geology Compendium of the Continental United States - With Application To Deep-Base Systems*, the subject of possible sites for underground military installations was to be located nearly one mile beneath the surface. Of the sites identified in the west there are a handful in Arizona, and among these is the 'general vicinity' of Holbrook.

Though the above information is from a report dated almost twenty years after my father's time in the air force, Holbrook's inclusion on the above list is suggestive.

'In the Vicinity of Winslow'

Holbrook, Arizona, was founded in 1881 with the coming of the railroad. The interest to us here is that Holbrook sits just 33 miles east of Winslow. Even more important is that Holbrook is in the area where the petulant conquistador Francisco Vasquez de Coronado had been told to search for the rumored Seven Cities of Cibola, a legend sometimes associated with an underground origin.[213]

Holbrook was also originally inhabited by the mysterious Anasazi, a civilization of ancient people who disappeared without explanation before the arrival of the current native cultures, same as the Hohokam, according to legends and history[214]

Now this is significant. How might Holbrook be the actual place where the mysterious underground air force project was established?

My dad said that the underground project was going on somewhere east of Winslow. Holbrook is just a half an hour's drive east of Winslow[215]. He said he encountered people who had gone underground long ago due to a catastrophe that drove them into the subterranean world. The Anasazi habitat included the Holbrook area and they are believed to have suddenly abandoned their city centuries ago because of some cataclysm that befell them and that's not only in the legends. So far, so good for Holbrook as the primary candidate.

My dad also described the tube device held by one member of the Others he encountered, the weapon that killed a man.

Sound familiar? In an earlier chapter we discussed the Paiute legend of an underground race they called 'Hav-Musuvs' who possessed flying machines and used a tubular weapon that stings. It so happens that the Paiutes are recognized as inhabiting the same regions that the Anasazis had

abandoned. I have to ask: Are the mysterious Anasazi denizens of the subterranean realm of the legendary 'Hav-Musuvs' of the Paiutes?

I say there is certainly enough there to consider the possibility, the other option being that the Paiute legend got attached to the Anasazi at some point. But when you consider all the above data -- the location of the ancient Anasazi homeland extending just east of Winslow -- and that they are rumored by some to have gone underground long ago -- it does indeed fit my dad's story.

So what? What does that mean?

It means the USAF mind control scientists may have incorporated the rumors and legends into a 'planted narrative' cover story. What better material than spooky tales of lost civilizations down below to discredit someone whose hypnotic suppression might be weakening? Who would believe it?

Aside from the fact that the Anasazi indeed inhabited the Holbrook area and did disappear without apparent explanation, the rest is fantastic enough to divert most people from giving it further thought -- and that's what USAF security gurus would aim for.

Now let's say the Anasazi did go underground. Perhaps they truly did find a cavernous region which they used as shelter for a while. Because of the US Air Force search for suitable underground sites to place strategic military facilities, it's completely within the realm of possibility that a cavernous region in the Holbrook area -- perhaps extending as far west as Winslow -- could have been explored and developed by USAF engineers.

But is there any evidence to suggest a subterranean landscape suited to my dad's story?

Arizona offers many tourist caves to explore, mostly near Tucson to the south, around the Grand Canyon and Flagstaff to the north and west. There certainly must be caverns in the areas around Holbrook and Winslow but they don't seem to make the tourist guides. Could they be restricted?

If what I suggest is true, that the US Air Force had developed a natural subterranean landscape into a foundation for an underground facility, access would certainly be restricted, especially if said facility was secret. Is there any current USAF presence in Holbrook?

The vaguely described US Air Force Radar Site is located adjacent to Holbrook Municipal Airport[216]. Its purpose is described online as both 'international affairs' and 'national security'. How long has it been there? I don't know because there isn't much available information and I've just shared it here. But there is something potentially telling about its location.[217]

Using Google Earth/Maps, you find that the pin is literally in the middle of the street. The buildings in the vicinity of the airport are unassuming and those on the airport don't look like a radar station, as near as I can tell. There are a couple of structures that look like they could indeed be government facilities but these don't have any visible features that look like radar equipment. So where among these buildings is the US Air Force Radar Site?

Could it be underground?

Let's go back a few pages to the 1959 *Air Force Times* announcement to build an underground SAGE

radar facility inside a mountain in Georgia. There's the USAF talking about building an underground radar facility the year after my dad's claim to have been working underground in Arizona. So we can say the Air Force was building such sites in the late 1950s and I can further suggest that the present Holbrook airport location of the US Air Force Radar Site may actually just be an entrance to a radar facility located beneath.

How can I say that? Richard Sauder points out that underground military facilities often have nondescript entrances on the surface. In reference to a US Army Corps of Engineers report, Sauder says: *"According to the report, the could be constructed inside 'hills or plateaus' with* ***concealed shaft entrances****"*[218]

As an example, Sauder offers a description of a British Army guardhouse at Sopley which from the outside looks small but inside provides a stairwell access to a fifty room facility below the ground. He also describes an unassuming US Army Warrenton Training Center in Virginia which requires closer inspection to notice the power cables disappearing into the ground.

Sauder writes: *"I strongly suspect that the designers here in the United States have been at least as ingenious as their counterparts in Europe in disguising and concealing entrances to underground installations. Virtually any house anywhere, or any building, large or small, is capable of concealing an entrance to an underground facility....Some houses and buildings certainly can be disguised entrances...The hard part is figuring out which ones they are."* [219]

Sometimes the underground facility can be hiding in plain sight, if we are to believe Sauder's source about a White House sub-basement facility that extends at least seventeen levels down. The testimony of this source dates back to the Johnson administration when the source was tasked with delivering some papers from the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). He was escorted by agents to an elevator in a non-public area of the White House and taken down to a deep level with long corridors lined ceiling to floor with ceramic tiles, corridors extending to 'the vanishing point'. The source handed the HUD papers to a man in a room and then he was escorted back up and out of the White House.[220]

The question is exactly the one asked by the source: What would HUD documents contain to require the messenger to be escorted by agents to a strictly controlled facility several floors beneath the White House?

Catherine Austin Fitts is a former Undersecretary for HUD and you might find some interesting input on this question in her work. She cites a statement by Susan Gaffney, a HUD Inspector General at the time, in testimony at a hearing on 22 March 2000, in which it is revealed that 284 adjustments to the tune of more than $77 billion had to be made to fiscal years 1998 and 1999 to make them agree with Treasury balances on record.[221] Is the money a surplus? Is it being shifted around to remain out of oversight? If hidden or even showing up 'off the record', what is this money actually for?

Fitts asks the question: "Was it possible that the US Treasury and the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) were operating HUD as a slush fund to illegally finance black budget operations?"[222]

Fitts experienced being targeted by US federal authorities who sent agents to seize and destroy her company's software and equipment to hide the trail of whatever was going on with an estimated trillions of dollars being channeled in this manner.

I took you on this HUD detour to point out that perhaps apparently mundane properties contracted under HUD could actually provide camouflage for classified facilities anywhere, in rural or urban settings. The money trail issues might reveal this.

Back to the USAF and Arizona, the point of suggesting that the present day Air Force radar site is likely underground is to show that the USAF might have put an underground facility in Holbrook. If they have one that can be found on the internet, what others are hiding there?

I didn't put Holbrook on the list in the 1975 report for potential underground facility sites, the experts in the field did. Might it have actually been identified years prior to this report, when missile silos were being built under more sensitive circumstances? Might this 'US Air Force Radar Site' at Holbrook Airport be the semi-camouflaged entrance to the same underground where my father worked?

It is interesting to note that Holbrook Municipal Airport was established in 1943 and is currently on a list of airports around the United States identified as 'infrequent' destinations for military Space-A flights to and from Andrews AFB. This alone is not indicative of anything but that it's a location where military personnel can catch available seats on military aircraft. However it also demonstrates that, no matter how infrequent, enough USAF personnel are present in the Holbrook area to justify the Space-A site designation.[223]

Now called Joint Base Andrews, this base is a major USAF station. Not only are the Presidential units that support Air Force One operations based here, there are several other important units and commands. Among these is the headquarters for my former employers, the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (AFOSI).[224] The significance here is that Andrews is located just southeast of Washington DC and all that implies, i.e. if there is an ultra secret underground facility at Holbrook, any personnel from the Pentagon, for example, can take an unassuming Space-A flight direct.

Some readers will complain that any flight to a base in Arizona, or even a commercial flight, would suffice. But in my experience with operations, the Air Force using the Space-A option for any potential secret installations underneath Holbrook is credible. Anyone, like a foreign agent or a courageous investigative journalist for example, can book a seat on a commercial flight -- but not just anyone can hop a Space-A aboard a military aircraft. Get it?

SUMMARY

It is sufficiently demonstrated that Holbrook could reasonably have some association with my dad's mysterious Arizona underground location. Holbrook fits 'east of Winslow' and the folk history of missing tribes and subterranean wonders is too resonant to ignore.

I have also demonstrated that the US Department of Defense, and specifically the US Air Force, has built underground facilities, both known and secret -- and they have been doing this since before my dad was in the air force.[225]

CONCLUSION

With a clear history of USAF presence both above and below the ground in Arizona, I will go on

record to say that I think Holbrook, Arizona, is the best candidate for the underground site in my dad's story.

The question now is what do I think about my dad's tale: Was it a drug-induced hallucinatory dream? Or was there an actual operation so classified that it required the use of an hypnotically induced cover story of lost civilizations and mysterious UFO crashes in the desert?

That is a good question.

Let's walk a little deeper into the rabbit hole...

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

When the men on the chessboard
Get up and tell you where to go
And you've just had some kind of mushroom
And your mind is moving low...
-- Grace Slick

The question posed is what do I now think of the choices between my father's story having been the consequence of a military drug experiment or the murky memories of an hypnotically suppressed series of actual events. And the answer is...

Yes!

All joking aside, let's take the drug experiment option first because it truly is the simplest solution. In this scenario my father merely got an an airplane from Montgomery, possibly from Maxwell AFB across town, and was headed for Texas.

The experiment might have actually begun during the flight when the alleged Major Milton Knight stepped out from the forward cabin to inform my dad and the other subjects about the diversion to Wright-Patterson. This would begin the process of monitoring reactions to unexpected changes in plan and so forth.

Upon arrival at Wright-Patterson, my dad and the others would have been taken to the unit conducting said experiment and in-processed. From this point they would simply have been shown to rooms in the laboratory where they could be observed in a more controlled environment.

I say this activity would have been conducted in the aviation medicine research laboratory, for obvious reasons. A routine examination of vital signs would be measured, such as heart rate, temperature, etc. If all checked out satisfactorily, my dad would have ingested whatever drug was being tested and his 'trip' would begin shortly. This was aviation medicine's domain, especially in

the Otis Benson era.

It is also possible that the USAF scientists could have slipped some of the drug into the subjects unwittingly at any time, but it seems more legitimately 'US Air Force' to me to conduct it with the full awareness and willing participation of the subjects. Conversely, the CIA had more reason to slip mickeys into unwitting subjects. They had plenty of that data for the USAF to refer to without doing it on their own. The Air Force is a very cautious branch of the military.

Once in my dad's bloodstream, away he goes into 'dreamyland'. It is at this point we must decide: Was what he told me entirely a dream? Or was what he told me a 'planted narrative' created by the scientists?

If a dream, we're done here. After the experiment, he simply had this strange dream in his head that seemed very real. The hypnosis would have been applied to suppress memory of the experiment itself, leaving my dad to struggle with the dream he thought was a real series of events. He gets on the plane and returns to Gunter AFB to go on with his life.

That scenario would pretty much end all discussion if it weren't for two things: Colonel Lundy told me the project in Arizona was real and so was Wilson. Billy Les knew the name of the officer on the plane to Wright-Patterson AFB. I even have reason to suspect Colonel Lundy could have had personal knowledge of the project at the time or was possibly even there in some capacity. I don't really know how Bill would have known about Major Knight being on the plane, based on what I know about him. The testimony of these two men nags me.

Therefore we must still consider that my dad may have really gone to Arizona, there was a classified project that could very well have been underground, and there actually could have been a mysterious Wilson involved. That doesn't change the possibility that what might have really happened was still cloaked in the 'planted narrative'.

Why The Spooky Tricks?

A word or two about the hypnosis.

Why would they have used hypnotic suppression when a nondisclosure agreement and the threat of court martial and prison would likely suffice to keep him from telling about it?

As stated before, hypnosis was a big thing back then, a major component of the mind control program methods. Essentially it was the hot new toy and the scientists were looking at all the things that could be done with it. I say that among these activities with hypnosis, someone in the USAF psych lab figured it might be a better way to keep a security lid on an operation, so they tried it.

Hypnotic suppression used on my dad would serve as an extra measure of security. I say he was fully aware and cooperative in its application. Remember, these were the days of the Cold War, fear ran high. It is not a stretch - at all - to suggest that hypnotic suppression was used on my dad for this purpose. Remember, I was told as much by Colonel Lundy.

That's a variation on the drug-induced dream scenario. The weird parts were a planted narrative to provide cover for vital classified activity. No mysterious underworld in Arizona, no lost civilization,

no search and rescue for a UFO pilot. Whatever actually went on in Arizona while my dad was there was likely something more mundane like secret missile base ops or some USAF tech activity critical to national security during the Cold War.

We can turn off the lights and go home, right?

Most of you know me better than that so let's look at some MKULTRA history, specifically relating to Dr Sidney Gottlieb. He's the guy with whom such a cover narrative as lost civilizations and wondrous technology would have originated.

Black Sorcerer

Sidney Gottlieb ran the Chemical Division of the CIA's Technical Services Staff during the 1951-1956 romance with LSD. A curious fellow, Gottlieb was a folk dance enthusiast and lived in a former slave cabin, where he kept goats for milk, along with his children and wife, the daughter of Presbyterian missionaries who had spent time in India. A side occupation of the Gottlieb family was raising Christmas trees for sale to friends and associates. They also liked to make cheese. Sidney Gottlieb was respected by friends and colleagues alike, among them the infamous Richard Helms. [226]

In fact, it was the suggestion of Richard Helms to then Director Allen Dulles that LSD be used in operations that got MKULTRA approved to begin with on 13 April 1953, much because of the work of Gottlieb. The objective? Gottlieb said it was to determine how human behavior could be modified through covert means. The research was financed for an initial $300,000 and took off, but eventually more funds would be needed to continue. It turns out that the military, especially the USAF among them, were willing to provide the money for LSD.[227]

As Gottlieb ventured deeper, he aimed the research at objectives like 'disturbance of memory', 'discredit by aberrant behavior', 'altering sex patterns', suggestibility and 'creation of dependence' among them[228]. Here we have the CIA MKULTRA program committed to playing with memory and seeking a way to suggest whatever they desired to a subject under the influence. And LSD wasn't the only thing they played with.

Altered States

In 1955, just a few months after my father entered the service, banker and amateur mycologist R. Gordon Wasson, VP of the J.P. Morgan & Company, finally gained access to a legendary 'magic mushroom' called *teonanactl*, or 'God's Flesh', in Oaxaca, Mexico. The CIA had been searching for this very mushroom for a few years and would get their hands on them eventually through Wasson. [229]

Wasson described an all-night trip of intense hallucinations. The visions came first in artistic designs that changed before their eyes: *"They evolved into palaces with courts, arcades, gardens -- resplendent palaces with semiprecious stones...Could the miraculous mobility that I was now enjoying be the explanation for the flying witches that played some important part in the folklore and fairy tales of northern Europe?...The effect of the mushroom is to bring about a fission of the spirit, a split in the person, a kind of schizophrenia, with the rational side continuing to reason..."*[230]

The CIA stood up Subproject 58 within MKULTRA to conduct its own research on the 'magic

mushroom', shortly after its active substance was synthetically reduced in the Swiss lab of LSD pioneer Albert Hofmann. It was called psilocybin and it made mushroom journeys more accessible. [231]

One of the CIA's more notorious experiment with psilocybin involved inmates in a Kentucky prison. The nine prisoners experienced all manner of reactions and hallucinations, including 'x-ray vision' of a sort, seeing through the skin of others. They also appeared to have found the same realm Wasson experienced in Mexico: *"They seemed to be elsewhere...Trips to the Moon or living in gorgeous castles..."*.[232]

Wasson would write further on this particular aspect of his experiences using the mushroom. *"For the mushrooms revealed to him worlds beyond the horizons known to him, in space and time, even world on a different plane of being..."*[233]

Is there more to this than merely a waking dream?

It's clear that the CIA MKULTRA program was the leader in developing hallucinogenic substances for operational use in the US national security community. We know for a fact that the US Air Force was actively involved with using these products and even started their own programs[234], which as far as I know haven't been exposed via Congressional committee as was MKULTRA.

All this was going on during the entire period of my father's enlistment and he was assigned directly to the field most likely involved with administering the USAF drug research. I think I've established the case; my dad could have been a subject of USAF mind control drug research and that could explain his weird story -- whether a dream or a planted narrative to cover something else.

We've looked at Gottlieb the esoteric'sorcerer' and we've learned that CIA mind control scientists journeyed far into ancient Mexico to obtain the power of magic mushrooms. Before I explain what this all may have had to do with my dad, I need to introduce you to one more mas scientist.

Mr Charming

Let's look at Dr D. Ewen Cameron.

Readers of my other works will be familiar with my occult analysis and research of Montreal. Those readers will be familiar with my analysis of this Canadian city in terms of Hekate veneration, and of the city's role as a backdrop in the murder of Harry Houdini, including a look at McGill University student J. Gordon Whitehead. If you refer to my *Empire of the Wheel 3:The Nameless Ones*, you'll see how there were shell games played with identities in the Houdini mystery. Montreal's dark thread has woven itself throughout my past research.

Is it any surprise when here we find the notorious Dr Cameron running the psychiatric department at Allan Memorial Institute Hospital in Montreal, an outfit set up with the dubious Rockefeller Foundation?[235]

Ewen Cameron was known as an aloof and ill-at-ease man with whom his colleagues could not connect in a human way. Cameron had a theory of 'differential amnesia' and employed questionable methods of electro-shock therapy to wipe schizophrenic patients' mind blank so that their 'normal personality' could emerge victorious. It is almost hilarious that his stated objective was to cure

schizophrenia.[236]

Cameron's mad doctor pursuits naturally gave the CIA boys a raging boner and they raised the covers of the MKULTRA bed so that he could join in the fun.

It wasn't long before the CIA was funding Cameron's experimental use of unapproved methods on actual and unwitting patients. His repertoire involved intensive electroshocks accompanied with long spells of drug-induced sleep. Some might say that under the circumstances Cameron was only going to dangerous lengths in the interest of national security -- but there is evidence to suggest that Cameron didn't know these experiments were being funded by the Agency. For him, it was just another day of providing psychiatric care that he called 'depatterning'.[237]

John Marks writes: *"The frequent screams of patients that echoed through the hospital did not deter Cameron or most of his associates in their attempts to 'depattern' their subjects completely."*[238]

Dr Cameron would subject patients to this 'depatterning' procedure usually for 15 to 30 days and sometimes up to 65 days. Reportedly, the minute the sedatives wore off them enough, orderlies would often chase clear-headed patients down the halls to catch them in their mad-dash attempts to escape the hospital. Cameron was still doing this stuff in 1958, our year in question.[239]

Hard as it may be to believe (or not, actually), Cameron achieved complete amnesia in some patients and the Agency became so aroused this time that they gave him even more money to take the method *beyond the amnesia point*. The CIA wanted him to erase a person's mind completely so they could program new behavior. To this request, Cameron applied a technique he had developed years before: 'psychic driving'.[240]

Cameron's method of 'psychic driving' was to simply bombard the patient or subject with a repetition of recorded messages. Colleagues at McGill said of his research that it was "*an awful set of ideas he was working with"* and *"Cameron was no good as a researcher"*.[241] But the Agency loved it!

The process started with planting speakers underneath the patient's pillow through which played 16 hours a day of negative commentary (allegedly still audible even when they weren't on the bed), with electrodes connected to their legs at night to shock them at the end of each message. And this went on for weeks. One of Cameron's brilliant assistants said, *"We made sure they heard it."*[242]

After a whirl on this kaleidoscope of terror, the patient would then repeat the process but with 'positive' messages, though God knows what that meant, to Cameron. Then comes the day the good doctor tells the CIA that he can get the same results through the *addition* of drugs and sensory deprivation, just one big festival of psychiatric horror in the pursuit of mind control (only so that we could *understand* how it's done, of course, heh heh).

Thus in 1957 did Ewen Cameron's work in sensory deprivation begin.

Just when you thought you'd heard enough, we have the doctor now sequestering subjects in small rooms and then literally in boxes, wearing apparatuses on their heads to block vision and hearing. The boxes were equipped with padded interiors (!) to prevent the sensation of touch (other than the pads, I guess), and free of smells.

A US Army subject kicked his way out of the box in a screaming mad fit after 40 days inside. Even then, Cameron subjected a female patient to his depatterning looping-shock-message drugged torture *and then* put her in the box for 35 days. The reason this patient had even been under his care was issues with menopause.[243]

And who was the CIA officer who approved Cameron's budgets and provided him with requested resources?

Lieutenant Colonel James Monroe, formerly of the USAF. Monroe personally supervised Cameron's research grants from the Agency via a cover organization called the 'Human Ecology Society'. Monroe was with the Air Force when he started working with the CIA in the early days of MKULTRA brainwashing research.[244] Monroe had been assigned to psychological warfare during WW2 and continued in that field for the US Air Force until going to the Agency permanently.[245] Knowing what we know about US Air Force enthusiasm for MKULTRA programs, and that they were running their own, it's reasonable to suggest that the Air Force was using some of this stuff and perhaps getting it from Monroe.

Thus are we able to now consider that some form of Cameron's diabolical methodology was being used by the US Air Force in their own psychological warfare pursuits and perhaps in their security efforts.

SUMMARY

I've demonstrated that the CIA MKULTRA program mind control science was greatly driven by the desire to control the human mind. Through the work of Sidney Gottlieb, the programs led to manipulation of human perception via hallucinogens such as LSD and mushrooms. The work of Ewen Cameron provided the CIA with the confidence that the human mind might be broken down and reprogrammed, which suggests the possibility that 'planted narratives' were indeed possible.

That the military was conducting its own programs spun off from the MKULTRA experiments raises concerns over what exactly they were doing that the CIA wasn't. That we never really found out what the US Air Force was doing specifically - or how far they ran with it -- is highly suggestive within the context of my dad's experience. Had USAF aviation medicine scientists made breakthroughs of which the CIA was unaware?

What might the Air Force have accomplished with hypnosis and hallucinogens and Cameron's 'psychic driving'? Did the aviation medicine gurus at Wright-Patterson AFB discover how to successfully 'plant narratives' into the minds of airmen?

We don't know because what the Air Force did with their own MKULTRA research was never revealed to the public.[246]

CONCLUSION

I propose my dad might have been subjected to a form of Cameron's 'psychic driving' to plant a fabricated narrative into his mind designed to provide cover for whatever might have happened in Arizona. I also propose that this process was followed by hypnotically induced amnesia to suppress

the planted narrative as an extra measure.

Where does that now put us, where his story is concerned?

WHAT THIS COULD MEAN

Here's the scenario: My dad is indeed assigned to some highly classified operation in a location likely within the continental United States, due to the time constraints as discussed in an earlier chapter. He goes to the TDY site and does his job. He returns to Wright-Patterson AFB.

While at Wright-Patterson, he undergoes a USAF MKULTRA spinoff psychological treatment that we will call *re*-patterning: a drug-induced state of consciousness exposed to a lighter version of psychic driving. In this Cameronesque process, the looped message is a false cover story designed to fill in the days on the TDY project that were washed from his mind. This planted-narrative cover story replaces the real events with a wild tale of a crashed UFO in New Mexico, a search-and-rescue operation for a UFO pilot from a 'lost civilization', and finally an encounter with strange people in a subterranean realm. My dad wakes up at the end of the process, released to his usual duty and the rest of his life, not remembering what he was really doing on the classified TDY in 1958.

There is very good reason for suspecting that my dad's weird tale was not true, that something else was going on with him. That the USAF was indeed, as a matter of historical record, establishing its own mind control program and pursing practical applications of the results, I must seriously consider that my dad's tale is a product of this MKULTRA technology.

There are indeed the gaps in my dad's story. We know how he got to Ohio but we never hear about how he got to Arizona (presumably a flight to Holbrook...?) or how he got back to Alabama. We learn of 'Wilson' but we never learn the name of the man who got killed by the mysterious underground dweller with the tube weapon. I would think my dad would never have forgotten that man's name, as he was standing beside him when it happened. Perhaps this suggests that the scenes loaded into my dad's psyche may have been emerging by design as the hypnosis began to weaken over the years.

Some might yet ask why the USAF would really go to such lengths with mind control when the aforementioned punitive security agreement was readily available and more practical. That is a reasonable question.

The answer might be what Col Lundy told me years back, that my dad got into some difficulty and was removed from the operation by Wilson.

If the death of the other airman was under conditions of duress, they may have wanted to wipe that from my dad's memory before sending him back to regular duty. Or if he screwed up somehow and had 'seen too much' they might have elected to use the mind-clearing methods. Whatever the reason, in this scenario of real and sensitive events to suppress, this must have been a very important project to subject anyone to this stuff.

But there is yet another possibility.

A Coping Mechanism?

There is a story my dad told me many years ago about an incident that I am compelled to share within this context. He never connected this story to the topic of this book, but all possibilities must be considered if I hope to come close to the truth.

I recall my dad telling me about a situation in which two airmen were guarding something, maybe a gate, maybe a building, I don't recall. These two carried sidearms and they had stupidly engaged in a little personal game of 'gunslinger'. As you might guess, came the day that one of them returned to the guardhouse from making rounds or whatever and the other said 'Draw!'. He drew and reflexively pulled the trigger, firing a .45 round through the head of his buddy. I remember him telling this story to make a point about gun safety, but now it piques my curiosity in other ways.

I am an investigator by profession and analytical by nature. It is imperative that I follow through with hunches because useful information can often be drawn from them, and sometimes the whole truth.

What if this cautionary tale about the two 'air force guards' might actually have involved my dad?

I wonder if my dad was the one who shot his buddy and killed him. I wonder if this incident might actually have been what got him removed from the classified operation.

Here's the scenario: Whatever they were really doing, my dad and a fellow airman were issued sidearms. They may actually have been responsible for the security of something, likely their own unit equipment. The same dumbass game of gunslinger is played and my dad was the one who wasn't thinking, and he shot the other man dead. This shocks my dad, maybe unhinges him to some degree. They have to relieve him of this duty and return him to either Wright-Patterson or Gunter AFB where he undergoes psychiatric treatment that includes hypnotic suppression. The classified operation is reconstructed into a fantasy episode in which it's not he who kills the man but a disembodied denizen of another world armed with a magic tube. With the planted narrative in place, reinforced with hypnotic suppression, my dad is released.

Why would I consider this?

Because you will recall that whenever my dad told his tale of the underworld it always ended with the death of the airmen and my dad becoming too emotional to continue.

Sure, this tragic possibility might have happened anywhere, not necessarily on some mysterious operational deployment. All the weird stuff was just human nature putting a handle on a difficult situation. A coping mechanism.

The other possibility is that my dad witnessed the shooting but wasn't involved. That would return any MKULTRA suppression completely to the operational security column.

I want to be clear that the weapon mishandling scenario is a wild ass guess on my part. I have no other reason than this analysis to even entertain such a thing ever happening with my dad. Besides, it neither explains nor eliminates everything else.

Whether some hidden misstep on my dad's part happened or not, there is the issue of using MKULTRA methods to suppress his memories of whatever he knew about the mysterious USAF project. The encounter that ended in the life of the other airman, be it suppressed tragedy or

confrontation with people from another realm, it still apparently happened in a sensitive environment.

Whatever suppression methods were applied, its primary function would be to protect the operational security of said project, in my opinion.

What might the USAF have been up to?

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Hey now, you better listen to me every one of you
We got a lotta lotta lotta lotta work to do
Forget about your women and that water can
Today you're working for the man...

-- Roy Orbison & Joe Melson

The question remains: Could there have been a project such as my dad described?

Let's look again at the elements of his story.

My source, Colonel Lundy, told me Wilson was real. My research since 2004 and especially relative

to my books *EOTW2:Friends From Sonora* and *Origin* deal with Wilsons of record who were likely related to the Wilson in my dad's story. I propose Wilson's existence, yay or nay, remains open and thus suggests there was some classified operation to which my dad could indeed have been assigned.

Then there is Major Milton Knight. That name was first given to me by my source Billy Les and I later confirmed it through a little interrogatory trick used on my dad. In other words, I didn't ask him if the guy on the plane was Knight, I asked him the name of the guy on the plane and he said it: Milton Knight. That suggests to me that either Billy Les and my dad knew each other and were perpetrating a hoax on me or else the plane flight took place and that Knight was really there.

We also have Wright-Patterson AFB for which it is a matter of documented history was in a direct supervisory and technical support function for my father's identified specialty. I say a trip to Wright-Pat remains a corroboration of his story.

There is my dad's specialty and USAF history with American manned space travel. If the secret project was real and had anything to do with anyone who flies in space, my dad could very well have been tasked to support it in some fashion.

Let's not forget that my dad was also assigned to Casualty Collection Team 1 at George AFB and therefore trained and experienced in response to crash incidents, specifically retrieval of material and personnel. And retrieval, as we all know, is often associated with UFO cases[247].

A picture is beginning to emerge. It could actually explain why the project in Arizona was so highly classified that exotic measures such as mind control and hypnotic suppression were deemed necessary to keep a lid on it.

Yes, USAF missile operations were expanding in the late 1950s. Silo facilities were being constructed underground throughout several areas of the southwest, Arizona included. There were 18 underground missile silos around Tucson alone, associated with Davis-Monthan AFB[248]. Missile defense was vital for the national defense during the Cold War and especially in its early days. The silos had to remain secure and therefore the locations were sensitive, usually classified information. That is all true.

But neither missile silos nor radar stations explain everything we've been looking at here. Not by a long shot, from my perspective.

There were other types of underground facilities being planned during this period. Command centers that would need to remain operational should war be raining up above would also would require a cloak of secrecy, lest the Soviets or even the Chinese lob a missile right onto its roof. Their locations would likewise be sensitive and certainly classified.

It is entirely possible that my dad was assigned to some function supporting the construction of an underground facility in Arizona in 1958. We know these things are real. We know they were built. This passes that popular (though often misapplied) Occam's Razor test that pops the skeptics' boners.

But there is a problem with known USAF underground facilities like missile silos and command centers, or even with camouflaged hangars in mountains.

Neither missiles nor radar were my dad's specialty.

He was a Physiological Training Specialist. He worked on issues directly related to pilots in aircraft, specifically high altitude operations. More importantly, my father worked under the USAF aviation medicine mission as designed and commanded by Otis Benson. My dad's job required the involvement of men who travel aboard aircraft.

CONCLUSION

Otis Benson's command tells me one thing: Whatever my dad would have been working on in a subterranean facility in eastern Arizona in 1958 had to do with manned space travel. If that was indeed the case -- and it was as highly classified as was indicated to me over the years -- then it further suggests one primary possibility: The Arizona project involved a classified manned space travel operations facility.

A secret USAF space program?

If Philip Corso's book was mixing truth with lies, consider what he says: *"As a cover, NASA, in 1961, agreed to cooperate with military planners to work a 'second-tier' space program within and covered up by the civilian scientific missions."*[249]

You decide for yourself. I was already convinced years ago that the USAF sends astronauts into space on covert missions.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

I'm not the man they think I am back home
I'm a rocket man
-- Elton John

I will now make a reasonable, and justified, wild ass speculation of colossal proportions:

My father's work in the US Air Force fell under a secret USAF manned spaceflight umbrella.

Thanks to acquisition of Nazi German scientists after WW2, the United States took a major leap forward and upward in all aspects of aerospace technology. Specifically through aviation medicine research augmented by the expertise of Paperclip scientists, manned space enthusiast Otis Benson was enabled to push the US Air Force into space. By the late 1950s, NASA took over the civilian space program and served as the public face of the American civilian scientific reach for the stars.

Meanwhile, under the approval of Curtis Le May, Otis Benson's vision and guidance resulted in the technology and personnel uniquely qualified to man the rockets and other craft being engineered by other commands. It was decided that this would be highly classified and remain so indefinitely -- largely because they knew we aren't alone up there but also because of the Cold War competition with the Soviets.

How's that? Have I pissed off enough skeptics yet?

I shall keep going...

By the summer of 1958, an installation was being constructed underground in Holbrook, Arizona. This was a launch facility that likely employed technology asymmetric to rocketry. It was placed underground also for its security, both from spying eyes[250] and from falling bombs. Personnel and equipment were deployed from all over the USAF during the construction and facility installation phases. Among the personnel would have been USAF space flight pilots and crews.

Likely because flight crew training for these military astronauts would be sensitive, it was decided to provide all the physiological training on site. Thus the necessary technology and materials were being installed and required specialists to inspect and maintain. That means physiological training materials and apparatuses. That's why my dad would have been there.

My father was not a security forces asset. He did not pull guard duty at entry control points (ECPs). But for some reason he and his colleagues were issued weapons, possibly even sidearms. Speculative explanations for this remain a murky issue, but for the purpose of this scenario let us surmise there was a perceived threat. It could have been communist spies in the southwest because we know there were indeed Soviet spies in the country at that time[251]. It may be that my dad and his colleagues were actually responsible for certain equipment so were therefore authorized to carry rifles and/or a sidearm.

This weapons issue is primarily important to address because the man who was killed in the encounter with the Others was carrying a gun, per my dad. There was an incident involving the use of the weapons. On one end of the spectrum, we have the encounter with someone down below. Might it actually have been Soviet agents or say an investigative busybody who found their way down there? Who knows? But let us say the encounter happened and a US airman was killed. Who shot whom?

I see issues with this part of the scenario. First, if a Soviet agent had been armed and for whatever reason shot and killed US military personnel, there is no inherent reason for my father to be fired or for losing his marbles if he fired back and killed the agent. However, if they had come across a nosy journalist or civilian and my father shot and killed *that* person, there might have been a potential scandal for the USAF and while trying to establish a very secret space facility.

Whatever the case, there is a man dead who shouldn't have be and the whole incident lands my dad in hot water or at least a pickle for on-site commanders. He is then packed up and put on the next plane out of Holbrook, possibly for Wright-Patterson to undergo MKULTRA depatterning and hypnotic manipulation. His direct memory of all events while in the underground facility are erased or blocked through selective amnesia and then suppressed with hypnosis, refreshed every month for the rest of his life by the full moon. For the first couple of decades, it works very well but begins to wear off around the twenty year mark, when he starts to tell the story in detail.

That's the scenario as I now see it. The reason I'm still entertaining the idea that my dad indeed was part of something underground in eastern Arizona is the nagging presence of source information and my own research on secret space program and breakaway technology issues.

Colonel Lundy flat out told me my dad's story was true, though he pushed me to draw out more details on my own. Billy Les knew the name of the intelligence officer on the plane in 1958 and I independently confirmed that through interrogatory technique on my father. The story being a complete fabrication, while certainly quite possible, remains a questionable conclusion. Enough opposing factors defy that explanation.

So I am going on the record here to suggest there was indeed a highly classified underground operation that involved a USAF manned space program element. Events surrounding a man being killed caused my dad to be reassigned. This is truly all I can confidently propose where my dad's story is concerned but it still offers much with which to be fascinated.

I've suggested in the past that the United States Air Force has likely been operating a secret manned space program for over half a century. I stand firmly by that supposition.

I have also proposed in the past that some sort of subterranean facility dedicated to said manned space program was built in the late 1950s or after, and alluded without detail and admittedly somewhat mysteriously to 'asymmetric' technology development, not rocketry. This resonates with things I heard while on active duty.

Now comes the next question: I get why the presence of a Soviet agent on the scene would be suppressed, and I especially understand why a curious civilian showing up down there would be suppressed, especially if either got killed by USAF personnel. But if the facility were simply a comparatively mundane USAF operation[252] and the shooting of the airman just a tragic incident of mishandling weapons, why would a fantastic tale of UFOs from a lost civilization and an encounter with a hidden underground culture be implanted into my dad's head as a cover in the interest of secrecy?

The only logic I can muster for implanting a wild fantasy story to cover something so important would be the hope that no one would pay serious attention to my dad if he told such a tall tale. Discredit the leak with elements unbelievable to most people.

But here's the problem with that: The moment some people hear the crazy cover story, they will head to the caverns and look for the lost civilization, i.e. they will start snooping around east of Winslow where the Air Force (hypothetically) doesn't want them snooping around.

If a weird story, why a weird story?

It appears to have always been a weird story...

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

And there's some rumors going round
Someone's underground...

-- Don Henley & Bernie Leadon

It turns out that there was something else going on.

We know how the date of the legendary Roswell incident is placed sometime during the first week of July of 1947. The date of the MJ-12 documents is identified as 18 November 1952[253]. The former we have discussed already, the latter is highly questionable, as usually presented, and likely altered if not fake. But what is very curious to me are the dates, 1947 and 1952.

One of the problems I have with the MJ-12, or 'MAJESTIC 12' papers is the historical context. That is, the historical context is usually disregarded and may not even be known by many of those people invoking these controversial papers, usually to advocate the ET hypothesis. I think the true significance of the MJ-12 document, if it's real, has been missed.

The clue to what I think is unknown to UFO researchers is found in a heading stamp on the MJ-12 documents: MAJIC.[254]

I think MAJIC has a distinct reference to found in WW2 history.

Back in 1945, Operation Paperclip was shifted administratively from military intelligence to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The task of direct management of Operation Paperclip was given to the Joint Intelligence Objectives Agency. This JIOA was a subcommittee of the somewhat shadowy Joint Intelligence Committee, the chief spies for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Citing a CIA monograph, Annie Jacobsen writes: *"The JIC was and remains one of the most enigmatic of all the American intelligence agencies."*[255]

As soon as the war ended in the summer of 1945, the JIC focused all its attention on the Soviet threat. Sixteen major intelligence reports and twenty-seven policy papers were produced by the JIC for the Joint Chiefs just that summer alone. In September of that year, the JIC advised that the United States would be in 'total war' with the Soviets by 1952.[256]

Let's pause to review. Midway through 1945, the JIC tells their bosses that **1952** is the red letter year for the impending Soviet threat to explode into open warfare -- in this new atomic era. Roswell, whatever it actually was, happens two years later. Then in the 1980s there emerge some alleged presidential briefing papers dated November of **1952**. This is notable.

MAJIC and the Joint Intelligence Committee

For years, some people have wondered why the MJ-12 security heading was MAJIC when the word *magic* is correctly spelled with a G. Naturally one need only point to the text of these documents to find reference to OPERATION MAJESTIC-12 as an explanation for the header spelling of 'MAJIC'. 'MAJestIC' is the logic here. But what if that's not the case?

Let's pretend that there is something legitimate about the MJ-12 documents (without laughing). It has been proposed by others before me that whomever might have faked the documents used pieces of actual documents[257] including a possibly real classification stamp 'MAJIC'. Humor me a little further and consider for a moment that the 'MAJESTIC' title for the alleged operation was part of the fabricated elements of the MJ-12 documents, extrapolated from the stamp 'MAJIC'. What might this suggest within the historical context?

It might suggest that the header stamp 'MAJIC' is actually related to the Joint Intelligence Committee or the JIC.

How so? Annie Jacobsen refers to a JIC report in the "JIC 250" series, specifically JIC250/4 which reports to the JCS their concerns about German scientists disappearing from Germany and possibly ending up in Soviet employment (or custody)[258]. In this we have an historical precedent in high level intelligence reports labeled 'JIC' because there was a JIC, or Joint Intelligence Committee, issuing these reports.

Might the MAJIC stamp on the MJ-12 papers have actually been a header stamp lifted by the forgers of the MJ-12 papers from knowledge of JIC documents and terminology? And if we're asking that question, in light of the probability that 'MAJESTIC' itself being a fake name, is it unreasonable to suggest that the forgers simply added 'MA' to 'JIC' to make their MAJESTIC fit the scenario?

It could also be that 'MAJIC' was a legitimate header stamp thus the 'MAJESTIC' extrapolation by creative forgers. The point is MAJIC may indeed refer to the JIC and that suggests a different perspective on MJ-12 than is popularly assumed.

If any true parts exist in the 'MJ-12' documents, they might have had nothing to do with Roswell, simply appropriated to give the appearance of legitimacy to a false briefing report.

Interestingly, it is another document deemed fake that offers a possible answer to the 'MAJIC' question.

Karl T. Pflock tells of an interesting reference to the JIC itself in a document he otherwise reasonably argues is a fake. In his commentary on documents from Tim Cooper, of a town right up the mountain from me, Big Bear Lake, Pflock specifically addresses a "Memorandum for the Military Assessment of the Joint Intelligence Committee".[259]

It was an intriguing possibility -- and yet I was to understand that the source was unreliable, a hoaxed product.

Military **A**ssessment of the **J**oint **I**ntelligence **C**ommittee.

Look at it again:

Military

Assessment

Joint

Intelligence

Committee

Do you see it...?

M.A.J.I.C or **MAJIC** could very well refer to any given 'Military Assessment of the Joint Intelligence Committee' and therefore rate a classification header stamp.

And I'm not the only one who noticed this. For example, the guys at **Dark Government** (darkgovernment.com) have also pointed this out. It's not rocket science. Why didn't any of the numerous researchers in the UFO field, especially those with a military or intelligence association, ever take the time to analyze the header?[260]

My point is that anyone who has taken the time to look closely can see the hand of Joint Intelligence Committee in this MAJIC aspect of the MJ-12 mess: MAJIC was, in my opinion, either a real dissemination header stamp or it was faked from the phrase 'Military Assessment of the Joint Intelligence Committee'.

It could also be that the phrase was from faked from a fake 'MAJIC' header. How about that!

But let's suppose MAJIC really was a legitimate stamp for the sake of discussion, because it just might turn out to be true. The Cooper document contains the only direct reference to the JIC in these MJ-12 style documents that I found while working on this book. Maybe there are others.

What was the actual subject of the document?

"Examination of Unidentified Disk-like Aircraft Near Military Installations in the State of New Mexico: A Preliminary Report" dated 19 September 1947. I am compelled to mention this document because of the JIC reference, in spite Pflock's argument. Why?

Because the Joint Intelligence Committee's role in Operation Paperclip. Because it was Paperclip Germans who applied their expertise leading to our own space programs, secret or otherwise. Because of the preponderance of facts and circumstances surrounding Roswell indeed suggest the possibility that a supposedly defeated *German* enemy was still alive and well. Because of the JIC threat assessment in 1945 that we would be in total war with the Soviets by 1952 -- curiously the date of the controversial MJ-12 documents.

All of these things suggest a JIC hand in what we've been talking about in this book and what happened to my father. And there is yet another thing that keeps the JIC on my desktop short list in this bizarre situation. Something very compelling.

Nothing we've discussed up to this point could not be explained by the USAF emphasis on situational awareness designed to protect secret US military space and missile operations from prying Soviet eyes. Even extreme measures of mind control techniques such as hypnotism and amnesia would fit the bill of the times. Fear ran high, there was much unknown about the intentions of the Soviets and Chinese. Such measures would have seemed acceptable to try. But there remain other issues, the so called 'devil in the details' -- and it involves the JIC.

Let's turn again to Sidney Gottlieb for a little background.

Operation Often drew its name from Gottlieb's habitual use of the word 'often', one favorite phrase perhaps summing up Gottlieb's deeper personal interests being the following: *"Often we forget that the only scientific way forward is to learn from the past."*[261]

I find this to be of no small significance here. Sidney Gottlieb, the CIA scientist who raised goats for milk, who lived with his family in an old slave cabin, who grew Christmas trees, believed that the work of Ewen Cameron was on the verge of a breakthrough in paranormal research. Gottlieb himself would take Cameron's work in the direction of black magic and the supernatural. The Agency employed psychic mediums, astrologists and demonologists among other denizens of the occult arts and sciences in their support of the program. These interests were not new to Gottlieb.

And such things are not new to this world.

So what has this to do with the JIC and Roswell and my dad's story? Operation Often began in 1969 and continued into the 1970s but my dad's encounter in the underworld happened ten years prior, and Roswell a decade before that. How do these connect to the Joint Intelligence Committee?

What the hell does spooky hocus-pocus have to do with my dad and USAF space science?

More than you may think...

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Last thing I remember
I was running for the door
I had to find the passage back
To the place I was before...

-- Don Henley & Glenn Frey

I didn't write this book to convince anyone of anything.

This effort represents my attempt to put down in tangible form all the details of my dad's story. It's a book about my thoughts and conclusions and speculations on an issue personal to me and makes no difference to me how it does or does not reflect on the greater issue of ufology or the paranormal. As this is also a very personal book, I can't give you definitive answers for you to found a position and move on to the next topic. My hope is that you come away with as many questions as I had when I went into this.

I have fewer questions now. After writing this book, some things have become more perceptible. In every investigator's casebook will be found that internal data page on which go the items and insights not shared with the general public. These items and insights serve to make better sense of what is reported. They provide the perspective that often leads the investigator to an intuitive grasp of the truth.

What is on my internal data page are the things that I've shared with only a few trusted associates over the past nine years. I will not write about these things nor discuss them on the the radio or podcasts. I only bring them up now because my research on this book included material brought to my attention along the way. Specific things on my internal data page, things identical to that which have happened to me, showed up in the research material for this book. As I went deeper into my dad's mystery, I found this particular thing at every turn -- in my dad's story and in my own.

So let's get to it.

In his book *Final Events And The Secret Government Group On Demonic UFOs And The Afterlife*, Nick Redfern shares an odd tale of the US national security community's purported response to the 1947 mystery event and the dark odyssey that followed. According to his sources, the aftermath of the event we know as the 'Roswell' ET encounter led government agencies to attempt to grasp through occult means the nature of the otherworldly visitors. It is a fascinating perspective.

At the center of Redfern's book is a group called The Collins Elite. They are a select collection of military, intelligence and other government personnel who, as Redfern puts it, *"await the future with overwhelming dread"* in anticipation of the perceived hostile agenda of intruders who came here from a

different realm of existence than our own[262]. They believe, we are told, that these intruders came to our world in 1947.

The trouble began with Aleister Crowley in 1918 and continued with Jack Parsons, according to the Collins Elite. In essence, Crowley's Amalantrah Working led to Parsons and L Ron Hubbard's Babalon Working in 1946 which, according to Parsons, may have opened the door that let something in -- somewhere in New Mexico in 1947.

Parsons suggested that even the Kenneth Arnold sighting at Mt Rainier in Washington was a result of his and Hubbard's attempt to create a 'moonchild' via black magic, i.e. deep occult ritual.[263]

Readers of my *EOTW1: An Investigation of Espionage, Murder and the Occult* co-authored with Richard B Spence, himself an author of an excellent book on Crowley, will recognize the novel '*Moonchild'* which Crowley wrote between late 1915 and 1917. *EOTW1* suggests the connection of Crowley's operation to the 1915 San Bernardino Working. In that book we propose that whatever Crowley knew of the events in San Bernardino which resulted in the questionable deaths of seven people served as a major influence and inspiration for much of his novel. The creation of a metaphysical 'moonchild' was actually attempted by Parsons and Hubbard thirty years later and may have wrought doom upon our heads, according to the Collins Elite.

Allegedly it was the investigation into Jack Parsons and his magician lifestyle, which included the libertine joys of 'loose women', that charmed and intrigued several of the agents investigating him. The charge was sharing classified material with unauthorized personnel. The Israelis were keenly interested in Parson's rocketry work (and who knows what else) and there was an issue of a document Parsons should not have removed from a secure workplace.[264] Enter the US Air Force.

It turns out that the Air Materiel Command was concerned about what Mr Parsons was sharing with the Israelis. You recall AMC, one of the host commands of Wright-Patterson AFB. They requested the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (AFOSI) meet with Parsons. The result of that meeting, we are told, is that a very nervous Parsons told the AFOSI agents that he felt responsible for opening an interdimensional doorway that let something in near Roswell. Parsons also allegedly confessed to knowing both Kenneth Arnold and Robert Goddard, the legendary rocket scientist working at Roswell in 1947, suggesting none of these connections were coincidental.[265]

Pause to consider that last bit. Kenneth Arnold, the man credited with the first report of the modern UFO era, was acquainted with Jack Parsons, the brilliant rocket scientists and JPL founder and sorcerer who claims to have caused 'Roswell', who was also pals with Robert Goddard, legendary rocket pioneer who was himself in New Mexico in 1947. And Parsons hinted to the AFOSI that these associations and what allegedly happened near Roswell had something to do with one another.

What do we extrapolate from that? I interpret this to mean that Parsons was telling AFOSI that Arnold had seen the same Others at Mt Rainier whose relatives popped through a portal in New Mexico just days later -- and Robert Goddard was involved somehow, but how exactly?

Go back to my suggestion of a secret US Army AF attempt at manned space flight. Goddard being the American rocketry icon at the time and being in New Mexico might place him on the insiders list of those involved with the flight. However, Parsons thought he had opened a portal and someone came

through so where does that leave the secret manned flight idea?

Who knows? I can't answer that at this point, I'm just throwing out there the ideas that involvement of certain players suggest. My point ultimately is that there is so much evidence to suggest so many options that the whole situation is maddening.

According to one of Redfern's sources, this 1948 meeting between AFOSI agents and Jack Parsons resulted in the formation of a small group at Wright-Patterson AFB tasked to investigate the disciplines of demonology, ancient religions and the occult. The USAF group pursued knowledge on the esoteric world familiar to the celebrated but troubled rocket genius, interviewing priests and archaeologists and shamans alike, and coming away with a growing sense of worry that something was coming. Something bad.[266]

Pause again to consider: Here we have a distinct connection between Wright-Patterson AFB scientists, a milieu directly associated with my dad's specialty, supposedly looking into things from other dimensions, specifically the *beings* from these other dimensions.

Although Redfern's book makes a jump from this 1948 Wright-Patterson AFB group of investigators to the 1952 formation of the Collins Elite, I think it is quite significant to our context here that the first four years of this investigation into the occult and the identity of visitors from another dimension was solely in the hands of the United States Air Force.

It is the UFO flap over Washington DC in 1952 that ultimately drives the establishment of the deeply covert Collins Elite, notably just a week or so after the untimely death of Jack Parsons, we are told by Redfern's source.

What did the US Air Force learn in those four years before the reported formation of the Collins group? Did they keep it to themselves? Or did they report what they found to a higher authority? Since these events involved whatever it was that happened at Roswell -- where many of the Paperclip scientists were assigned -- might their findings have importance to the Paperclip authority JOIC and thus have been reported via the JIC?

Redfern's Collins Elite source claimed that the secrecy surrounding their work was because the USAF wanted to know if the source of the UFOs was 'the Devil' i.e. beings from another dimension[267]. That the classified group employed intelligence collectors and agents from three military branches suggests to me that oversight would likely fall to the JIC, if Redfern's sources are to be entertained. The Collins Elite, in my opinion, was likely formed by the JIC and reported to it.

Note also that the Collins Elite was formed in 1952 -- the very year that the JIC was convinced we would be at total war, albeit with the Soviets, according to known documented sources. Who were else might these guys have been worried about?

Let's say the Collins Elite exists as Redfern has been told. Its original complement was supposedly made up of sixteen agents from the USAF, Army G-2 (Intel) and Naval Intelligence. They were tasked with picking up where the USAF had reached a puzzled conclusion in their investigation into Parson's occult work -- and its similarity to UFO reports.[268]

So with the suggestion of a JIC association to this Collins Elite story, and my earlier postulation that JIC would have some possible connection to the MJ-12 milieu, we must now look again at the JIC assessment of 1945 that we would be in 'total war' with the Soviets by 1952.

Here again we have this period right after the war and then something happening in 1952: The JIC proposed war with the Soviets, the UFO flap in Washington DC, the untimely death of Jack Parsons, the date of the MJ-12 documents, and the alleged formation of the Collins Elite. Is there something missing from that JIC assessment of 1945 that has remained classified?

Consider that 'Roswell' happened two years after the JIC assessment and the MJ-12 papers are dated 1952. Pretend for a moment that the Operation MAJESTIC 12 panel itself was real. If the JIC was indeed the authority to which the Collins Elite reported, this might suggest that the header 'MAJIC' indeed does indicate that the JIC reported to the convened group of twelve men identified in the documents. What did they report?

The problems with the MJ-12 documents we have already discussed, but a tactic in selling disinformation is to include some factual data.[269] I suspect that the factual data in the MJ-12 documents was an accurate list of involved parties, the twelve men, among whom were major USAF commanders, I might add.

If it is the text about the retrieval of UFO crash debris that was fabricated by the document hoaxers, then we can only guess what an authentic 1952 JIC report to MAJESTIC 12 contained. Perhaps it was actually a report on the USAF findings in their four year investigation into what Jack Parsons was doing -- perhaps they had reason to assume they were dealing with being from another dimension. That might imply that it was MAJESTIC 12, confronted with this otherworldly information, that instructed the JIC to form the Collins Elite.

That puts a different spin on 'Roswell' and might explain the more esoteric aspects of MKULTRA. Might the JIC forecast of 'total war' with the Soviets in 1952 have reflected what the Soviets were doing with mind control -- or, more specifically, what they were doing with other occult technologies?

If what Redfern's sources say about Jack Parsons' role in motivating USAF investigation into the occult is true, and if whatever happened in New Mexico in 1947 caused a concern over otherworldly things, could the 1952 assessment have also been about what Russian-captured German scientists were sharing with the Soviets in this regard?

And if that were the case, is it not reasonable to consider that some of our Paperclip Nazis would have known much of the same esoteric secrets that their former colleagues were suspected of sharing with the Russians?

Who exactly was the JIC really worried about?

Consider again the Paperclip Germans working for us in New Mexico and the scenario of a secret US Army Air Force attempt at manned spaceflight. What else might the Germans have enabled and encouraged us to try?

Might we have fooled around with the mysterious Nazi Bell?

The opening of portals was already on someone's mind at the end of WW2. US military intelligence could have already been aware of what Jack Parsons was planning to do in 1946 through an agent planted close to the rocketry wizard.

It so happens that L Ron Hubbard was a US Naval officer whose career reflects an outstanding officer of incredible wartime leadership and accomplishment, according to his Scientology biography.

However, the Department of the Navy has stated that the exploits depicted by Scientology are not supported by Hubbard's personnel record. What the US Navy does report is a comedy of errors and shenanigans of almost hilarious proportion. People who knew Hubbard say the version he told himself was always much closer to the opinion of the Navy. Perhaps most curious is the assessment of one US Air Force veteran, Colonel L. Fletcher, is that Hubbard may actually have been assigned to Naval Intelligence. [270]

Whatever you choose to believe about L Ron Hubbard, he was indeed a personal associate of Jack Parsons. He did practice occult magic with Parsons, including the notorious Babalon Working which Parsons suspected was the cause of the 1947 event in New Mexico. Consider what we've discussed thus far about Paperclip, the US Air Force, the JIC, Wright-Patterson and its investigation into the occult, and what we may have learned about lost ancient technology from the Paperclip Nazis (the Bell) and what we suspected the Soviets were doing with 'mind control' which sparked our quest for that same grail.

Now consider that Hubbard himself - the guy who came up with Scientology and all its mind games -- had vaguely suggested the Navy had wanted him to work issues relative to mind control. What do you think about that?

Since Hubbard was a Navy Intelligence officer with esoteric interests, I find it a reasonable possibility that he was assigned to get close to and collect on Parsons. And that suggests that the US military -- read that the JIC -- already knew what Parsons and Hubbard had done in 1946, and thus may have already suspected what really happened in New Mexico the following summer near Roswell.

And if the JIC already knew that Roswell was an event involving people from another dimension and not an ET event, we have now cut a different facet on the activities of the early days of the CIA's its mind control quest, specifically a new perspective on the work of Sidney Gottlieb in light of his esoteric personal interests and his belief in 'learning science from the past'.

If anyone in the 1950s CIA might have steered things in an occult direction, it would have been Sidney Gottlieb. The reported enthusiasm of the US Air Force for everything MKULTRA just fed Gottlieb's appetite. The argument for JIC interest and its likely authority over the alleged Collins Elite may be reflected in USAF interest in psychic consultant Andrija Puharich. Gottlieb's Project Often would take this USAF example and put it on steroids.

Puharich had been studying ESP since 1947 when, in that special year 1952, he was contacted at his Maine laboratory by his friend who was Chief of Research in the office of Psychological Warfare for

the US Army. This friend, a colonel, expressed that the Army was interested in psychic research. Puharich said that he gave a report on this topic to the aforementioned Army office in late 1952. Redfern's Collins Elite source claimed the Army and the CIA were jointly interested in this report and Redfern cites an actual CIA document titled "A History of Ouija and Intelligence Applications" dated February of 1954.[271]

In the midst of all this was Sidney Gottlieb. According to Redfern source Robert Manners, the Collins Elite was well aware of Gottlieb's interests and found them disturbing. By the late 1960s, Gottlieb was steering the intelligence field into the murky waters of the occult, seeking to 'harness demonic powers as tools of espionage'. Gottlieb apparently believed that Ewen Cameron (remember him?) had actually been at the threshold of a breakthrough in paranormal studies -- and thus Gottlieb used Project Often to explore black magic and the supernatural.[272]

It isn't likely that Gottlieb's interest in such things began suddenly in the 1960s. Remember, he was the guy who lived a somewhat rustic lifestyle with his family and who said *"Often we forget that the only scientific way forward is to learn from the past..."*[273]

How far back? To the foggy days of legend? Perhaps to the days of the Tuatha de Danann?

I have discussed some rather esoteric aspects of my dad's story throughout this book, but can we connect any of these occult pursuits of the CIA more specifically to my dad's service in the Air Force?

Yes we can.

According to Nick Redfern's source, a Dr M.K. Savely of the Aero Medical Division of the United States Air Force Office of Scientific Research was interviewed about his personal contact with Andrija Puharich in the summer of 1957. Dr Savely reported that Puharich had formed a group of fourteen experts in psychic research who were developing methods of telepathy, and that this research was financed by investors including a Representative Bolton of Ohio[274]. Savely also acknowledged Puharich's service with the US Army Medical Corps, assigned to the Army Chemical Center in Edgewood, Maryland[275]. Savely gave a good character reference for Puharich.[276]

Not only do we have Puharich working at an Army facility known to have employed Paperclip Germans, and all that implies within the context of this book, we have Dr M. K. Savely identified with USAF aviation medicine[277], the very field to which my dad was assigned, the field that was commanded and designed by Otis Benson, the biggest advocate for manned space travel in the US Air Force.

Though I could not find M.K. Savely independent of Redfern's book, I did find a document from the 1960s on ejection seat injuries that references an H.E. Savely[278], and also a 'Joint Services Electronic Program Reports List' with Dr Harvey E. Savely, Director of Life Sciences in the Air Force Office of Scientific Research. On this list is also the CIA, the USAF School of Aerospace Medicine at Brooks AFB, various cryptically identified technical offices at Wright-Patterson AFB, a cryptically identified technical office at Maxwell AFB, and the USAF Project RAND -- all organizations discussed in this book and all associated with aspects of my dad's story[279], in some cases directly.

Here we have a reported USAF aviation medicine and aero medical lab scientist meeting with psychics and in the background there are USAF elements and bases at the heart of my dad's story -- organizations we have learned were pursuing esoteric mind science and occult knowledge. MKULTRA brought the CIA and the defense department closer together via the various projects involving psychics and demonology and the like, dating back to the post WW2 era.

Though all of this certainly could suggest that USAF MKULTRA scientists conjured a story of ancient subterranean dwellers and flying machines and magic deadly wands to cover a comparatively mundane USAF operation, I am of the mind that the irony here may be that nobody made up anything of the sort. All Colonel Lundy said was that they hypnotized my dad to suppress what he encountered down below. He said nothing about a 'planted narrative'. He never said my dad's story did not happen as he told it.

In defense of my dad's story, there is the known history of underground facilities constructed by the USAF, the branch of the military at the heart of the Operation Paperclip program and the enthusiastic customer of early CIA programs on mind control. In the milieu of Nazi scientists, mind control, occult experiments and a dawning space program can be found USAF aviation medicine, the very field in which my dad spent his entire enlistment.

On this particular issue, I think that whatever happened to my dad, whatever he really experienced on his deployment to Arizona, was directly influenced and mandated by this joint military-intelligence venture of mind control research.

Why?

I think that whatever the project in Arizona was, be it merely our very critical and sensitive missile defense system or an even more secret and vital manned Air Force space program facility, it was apparently decided that an hypnotically-induced selective amnesia would be applied as a means of suppression some aspect of his participation.

Whether this was the consequence of his unexpected departure or the pre-determined security requirement for all personnel upon departure from the project remains a question, but either the events in the underground happened the way my dad described them or the wilder aspects of his tale were elements of that 'planted narrative' we discussed earlier, something the CIA had been working on for years by 1958.

So why would such a fantasy story be implanted?

Using elements of occult fairy lore found in native mythology may simply have been one way to further protect the classified project by making it hard for anyone to believe the story should the hypnosis break down and the amnesia wear off. As my dad tells the story, the elements of lore and mythology would certainly sound like fantasy to anyone hearing it and thus he would be taken less seriously. This would hypothetically serve to deter wide interest in what my dad told anyone about the underground. But why not just implant a mundane cover story?

Why implant an encounter with Native American 'Ant People' wielding magic tubes that kill?

Might not implanting a wild fairy story to cover something you want to hide, or even discourage suspicion of, might be defeating the purpose. Look at what I'm doing here with this book: digging into this fairy story and making connections that perhaps the Air Force and CIA would not have wanted people to notice. I argue that something a bit more mundane and even boring would have better served operational security.

CONCLUSION

This is where I'm supposed to tell you exactly what happened to my dad back in 1958 and put to rest all the questions in a manner to please everyone.

I can't do that. The whole episode remains the sort of tale told late at night, perhaps not much different than those you might hear on the radio before drifting off to sleep. I can neither confirm that what my dad said is true nor will I assure the reader that it was all a dream or simple fabrication. The facts and circumstances at every turn defy the easy answer.

Not for a moment do I think my dad was willfully making it all up. Neither do I have reason to suspect Colonel Lundy was lying to me[280]. That Billy Les had the name of the guy my dad says was on the plane is too compelling to dismiss. What I know about the Air Force and what I've learned through my research and investigations these past nine years also convinces me that something about what my dad said is true.

I am convinced that his story happened, one way or another. I am also pretty certain that whatever MKULTRA techniques were applied to his psyche affected the remainder of his life, exacerbating whatever issues were there naturally; issues that might likely have manifested no differently than those of most anyone else had he not been exposed to this often bizarre field of psychological warfare.

But I also think he allowed it to be done because it was his duty. The Honorable discharge speaks to that.

I am one of many who can say 'My dad helped put men on the Moon' and one of fewer who can possibly say 'My dad helped send men across the stars and God knows where else...'

So what remains?

There is the mystery of Gerry Irwin and the tube-wielding Hav-Musuvs and also the UFO occupants reported by Schirmer in Nebraska. There is Jacques Vallee and his suspicion that something else is going on here, that the mysterious 'others' may have been with us all along while cleverly masquerading as what we mistakenly assume them to be. We find ourselves again looking for these shy Others who reveal themselves only to those whom they choose and trust.

Jacques Vallee says that the realm of the Others *"constitutes a sort of parallel universe, which co-exists with our own. It is made visible and tangible only to selected people, and the 'doors' that lead through it are tangential points, known only to the elves."*[281]

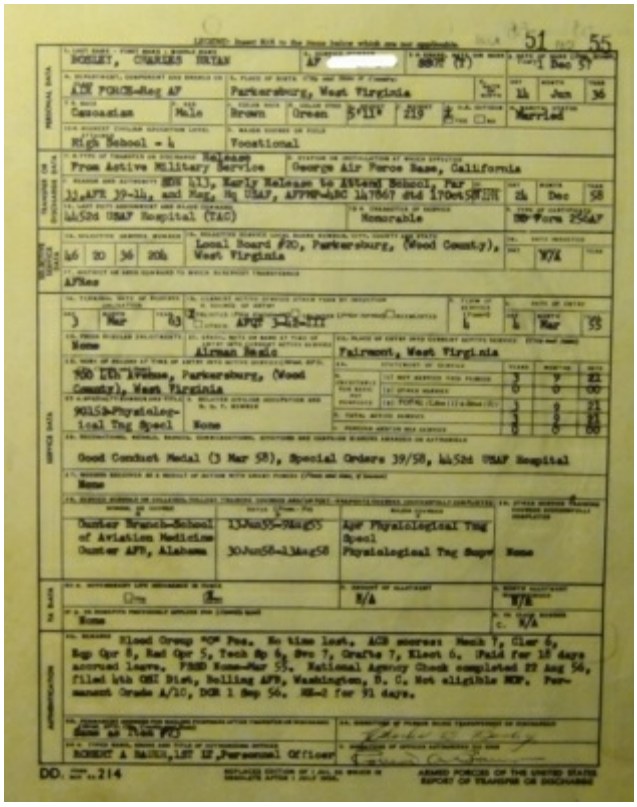
You will have to decide for yourself whether you agree with me or not. I think there is something going on around us, others living beside us, perhaps asymmetrically. I'm convinced my dad encountered them somewhere beneath Holbrook, Arizona, in the late 1950s. They have been with us for a very long time and their presence explains a lot more than some care to acknowledge. Some fear them, others recognize and welcome them, and many others say there is no evidence that they ever were.

As for me, I am unable to disavow the existence of the Tuatha de Danann and of them I will say no more.

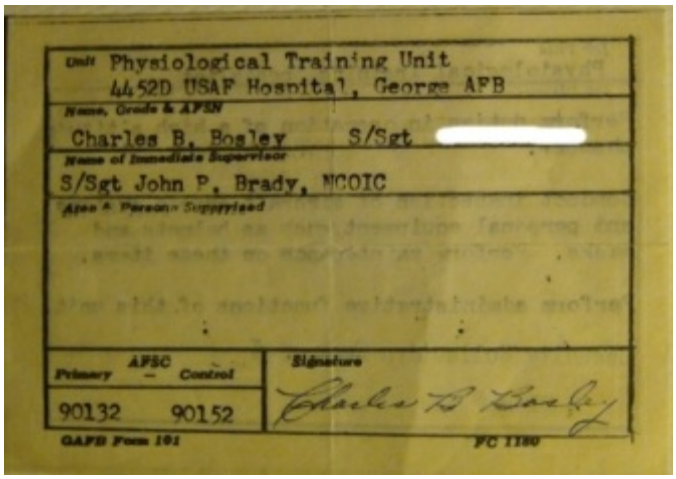
WBB, 3 November 2016

Relax, said the night man
We are programmed to receive...

-- Don Henley & Glenn Frey



My father's DD214. I have blocked out his serial number for obvious reasons relative to identity theft issues.



Unit: Physiological Training Unit
4452D USAF Hospital, George AFB

Name, Grade & AFSN: Charles B. Bosley S/Sgt [redacted]

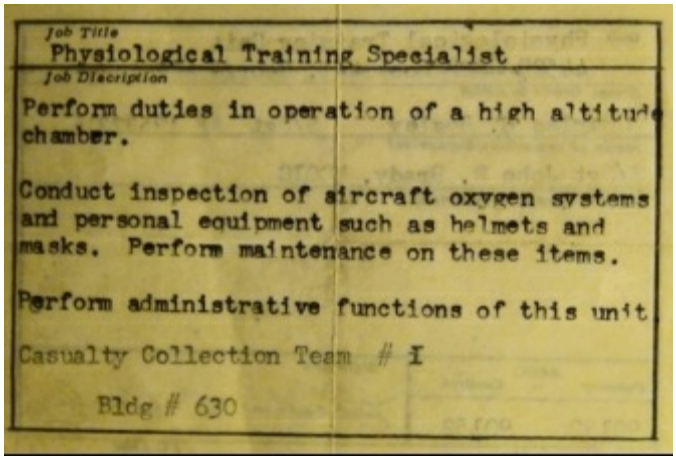
Name of Immediate Supervisor: S/Sgt John P. Brady, NCOIC

Also A Person Supervised:

Primary AFSC	Control	Signature
90132	90152	Charles B. Bosley

GAFB Form 101 FC 1180

The GAFB 101 discussed in the book, serial number blocked.



Job Title
Physiological Training Specialist

Job Discription

Perform duties in operation of a high altitude chamber.

Conduct inspection of aircraft oxygen systems and personal equipment such as helmets and masks. Perform maintenance on these items.

Perform administrative functions of this unit.

Casualty Collection Team # I

Bldg # 630

The reverse side of the GAFB 101, note the added duty.

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United States Air Force, af.mil

US Air Force Office of Special Investigations

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[1] But there were such moments on occasion. I witnessed him losing his temper with the dog once, throwing her across the patio. On another occasion, when his brothers were being pricks after he had given up a prime job to go into business with one of them and got dicked over, he flipped out over some tiny thing he'd though I'd done and demolished a model he had built. He wasn't without a temper, it just wasn't on a hair-trigger.

[2] I refer the reader to John Keel's now classic '*The Mothman Prophecies*' and also the film of the same name. I additionally recommend the series of Mothman discussion books by Andrew Colvin.

[3] My dad took me to the World Series -- twice. 1977 and 1978, Dodgers vs Yankees both years. In '78, we attended Game 6 in which New York won the series.

[4] These were the 1967 special 'Flying Saucers' edition of *Look* and an edition of LIFE Magazine which I haven't been able to find online but don't recall it being the 1952 issue with Marilyn Monroe on the cover. It would have been an edition after my dad was out of the USAF.

[5] Imdb.com lists this as a February 1975 release. Narrated by Rod Serling, it was given a limited theatrical run. I likely saw it at the movie theater in Arlington, a suburb of Riverside, California.

[6] Columbia Pictures' release date, according to Imdb.com was 14 December 1977.

[7] 14 March 1988, Los Angeles Field Office. From there I went to the San Jose RA and then to an undercover squad out of the San Francisco Field Office. After eleven months with the Baltimore office for full time study and training in Russian, I was assigned in late 1990 to an undercover operation in Manhattan, working against the GRU and the KGB.

[8] It's possible they took off from Maxwell AFB, also in Montgomery.

[9] In true USG fashion, the file request is pending. I am still waiting for even a response to my request from the office in St.Louis.

[10] USAF historical sources and Wikipedia.

[11] DD214 of Charles B Bosley.

[12] Ibid

[13] In this era of many Americans not giving a damn about the operational security of those who have in the past or do presently protect their lifestyle, it may be that someone could get a copy of my personnel file. My last instruction was that my file is restricted from public access.

[14] Official website of the US Air Force: www.af.mil; and augmented via sources at Wikipedia.

[15] USAF, www.af.mil

[16] Ibid and Various

[17] Ibid and Various

[18] Ibid

[19] USAF www.af.mil; *Aeronautics and Astronautics: An American Chronology of Science and Technology in the Exploration of Space, 1915-1960* by Eugene M. Emme, NASA Historian, NASA 1961, USG Printing Office; Various

[20] 'Colonel Lundy' passed away earlier this year but I still prefer not to name him here. What I knew of his career was over 40 years in the US national security intelligence community. He started in the Army.

[21] USAF, www.af.mil; Wikipedia

[22] USAF, www.af.mil; Wikipedia, Various

[23] USAF www.af.mil;

[24] Family archives, original GAFB Form 101 for Charles Bosley.

[25] This FBI teletype is reprinted in *Roswell:Inconvenient Facts And The Will To Believe* by Karl T. Pflock, Page 240.

[26] DD214 Charles B. Bosley

[27] Family genealogy that I have conducted thus far shows that I am the first military officer on my dad's side of the family since the American Revolution. That man was also Captain Walter Bosley, as am I. Presently I am looking at Civil War history of the family to determine if there was an officer among my branch of the Bosley clan during that conflict.

[28] It can be argued that officers need the management training but NCOs are naturally gifted with the skills of leadership.

[29] The 'Ant People' were underground humans of a different civilization, according to local native tradition.

[30] *Native American Myths & Mysteries* by Vincent Gaddis, Pg 39

[31] Vallee, *Passport To Magonia* Pg 55 quoted from a book published in 1798.

[32] Vallee *Passport To Magonia* , Pg 62

[33] DD214 of Capt Walter Bosley, the author.

[34] I have come to suspect that what Colonel Lundy would not tell me regarding the 'crystal house' could be related to what Richard C. Hoagland and Mike Bara have been proposing to exist on the Moon per their book *Dark Mission*. Conversely, it could be that said 'crystal house' instead referred to a structure found underground but why my source would not address it was never further explained. It is interesting that Betty Andreasson says during her abduction she was taken into a 'crystalline structure' per Rux Pg 129

[35] *Origin* by Walter Bosley, Pgs 219-225

[36] Busby cites this letter being reported in the *Dallas Morning News* on 16 May 1897. The Galveston paper may also have referred to it. It can be read in its entirety in Busby, Pgs 171-176. See bibliography.

[37] Paijmanns, 'The Great 19th Century Airship Wave' in *Free Energy Pioneer*, AUP

[38] In *Origin* I identify the year as 1957, but I cannot find in my notes why I would have. If it's correct then my dad's encounter could indeed have been the year prior to his second TDY to Gunter AFB.

[39] William J Birnes, publisher of UFO Magazine during this period, is the co-author of Corso's book.

[40] Harbinson's Wilson is a cold scientist who ingests his own sperm and ultimately becomes a Frankenstein's monster of his own construction using longevity technology. This Wilson is a self-serving asshole of a highly diabolical caliber and I've seen nothing in the source material on said Wilsons to inspire this fellow. Perhaps Harbinson knows something we don't...

[41] This quote from the novel will have further implication in a later chapter. Harbinson, *Genesis* Pg 326

[42] Wikipedia

[43] Wikipedia

[44] The more southern route at the time was US Highway 85 because Interstate 10 through West Texas via El Paso did not exist until 1959.

[45] Was it actually the Huskie itself? I find this hard to suggest as it would have required fuel etc that these underground people allegedly surpassed. Why agree to our less advanced little helicopter?

[46] Sources tell me that Vallee continues to think this explanation is valid.

[47] Vallee, *Dimensions*, Introduction Pgs xiii-xiv

[48] Philip Corso discusses headgear allegedly retrieved in the Roswell crash which was suspected to be a communications device. He says they had to find personnel with larger heads to try on the headbands so the conductor points would make contact. Corso & Birnes, T*he Day After Roswell* Pg 107

[49] Vallee, *Passport To Magonia*, Pg 56

[50] *Passport To Magonia: On UFOs, Folklore, And Parallel Worlds* by Jacques Vallee, Pgs 18-19

[51] Ibid, Pgs 23-28

[52] Ibid

[53] Ibid, Pg 26; from *The Fairy Faith In Celtic Countries, Its Psychological Origin And Nature* by Walter Yveling Evans Wentz, 1909.

[54] Vallee, *Passport To Magonia*, Pg 26

[55] Ibid Pgs 28-29

[56] Ibid Pgs 87-89 is the source of the details on Irwin. I remain quite curious about this case.

[57] Is this indicative of the strange 'supernatural' effects the fairy folk have on our spectrum of reality? Per Vallee, *Magonia*.

[58] Oh, what promise *that* possibility has when you place it within context of my book *Secret Missions 2: The Lost Expedition of Sir Richard Francis Burton* and the abandoned ancient mystery cities discussed therein.

[59] *Architects of the Underworld* by Bruce Rux; Evans-Wentz; Vallee, *Magonia*,; Various

[60] Rux Pg 354

[61] Vallee, *Magonia* Pg 62

[62] *Dimensions* Pg 28

[63] Rux Pg 23

[64] Ibid

[65] USAF biography of Harry Armstrong, af.mil

[66] Ibid

[67] Ibid; Jacobsen

[68] USAF; Jacobsen Pg 206

[69] Jacobsen Pg 207

[70] Ibid Pgs 207-210

[71] Ibid Pg 210

[72] Ibid Pgs 210-215

[73] Jacobsen, Pgs 212-213

[74] Ibid Pgs 213-216

[75] Ibid Pg 216

[76] Jacobsen Pgs 216-217

[77] The very theme of Jacobsen's book; *Reich of the Black Sun* by Joseph P. Farrell; *The Philosophers' Stone:Alchemy and the Secret Research for Exotic Matter* by Joseph P. Farrell; Various sources.

[78] Jacobsen, Pg 37

[79] Ibid Pgs 37-38

[80] Ibid Pg 52

[81] Ibid Pg 53

[82] USAF biography, af.mil

[83] Ibid

[84] Ibid

[85] Ibid; Jacobsen Pg 354

[86] Jacobsen provides multiple instances.

[87] USAF biography, af.mil

[88] Ibid

[89] USAF af.mil

[90] Jacobsen Pgs 233-239

[91] Ibid

[92] Jacobsen, Chapter Twelve, etc

[93] Jacobsen

[94] Jacobsen

[95] Jacobsen Pgs 356-363

[96] Ibid

[97] Ibid; San Carlos de Bariloche is well known to be a Nazi refuge, considered such to this day. It may have been where Adolf Hitler spent much of the remainder of his life, if you entertain his post-war survival. See my *EOTW2:Friends From Sonora* and *Origin*.

[98] USAF History, af.mil; *Operation Paperclip:The Secret Intelligence Program That Brought Nazis To America* by Annie Jacobsen (Back Bay Books, 2014); Wikipedia, Various.

[99] Ibid all.

[100] The bill that proposed the National Security Act.

[101] Philip J. Klass cites a memo written by Lt.Gen Nathan Twining, himself one of the alleged Majestic 12, in which the general cites: *"The lack of physical evidence in the shape of crash-recovered exhibits which would undeniably prove the existence of these objects."* The memo was written on 23 September 1947, nearly three months following the supposed crash at Roswell about which Twining supposedly already knew. The memo was classified Secret at the time. Klass Pg 174

[102] In accordance with Executive Order 13526, Section 1.5 Duration of Classification, a classification authority must set an expiration date and if they cannot, they set the date for 10 years -- unless deemed of such importance that it can be set to 25 years. Even under Section 3.3 Automatic Declassification, 3.3(b) allows for an exemption to all of this should the information be deemed vital enough to remain classified. Essentially, folks, we don't really have automatic declassification, nor should we. Order signed 29 Dec 2009, published by US Goct, FR 75-707 copy at gpo.gov.

[103] US National Archives; JCS 1067 at World Public Library, worldlibrary.org; Wikipedia, Various

[104] Harry S. Truman Library & Museum, trumanlibrary.org; Wikipedia, Various

[105] Wikipedia, Various

[106] Jacobsen, Pg 92.

[107] This will be discussed again later in the book.

[108] First venture by an *official* US organization, in my opinion.

[109] In Spring 2016, I attended a private gathering of researchers near Alamogordo, New Mexico. After passing through the full body scan in the security screening process at LAX, I noticed that the hair on one of my legs was gone from the knee down. Just food for thought.

[110] Reference to the excellent must-read book by Tom Wolfe.

[111] USAF af.mil; Emme, NASA; Various historical

[112] *The Day After Roswell* by Colonel Philip J. Corso with William J. Birnes covers these technologies through much of the book, representing them to be retrieved from the Roswell crash.

[113] *Roswell and the Reich* by Joseph P. Farrell, Pgs 466-469

[114] Farrell, *Roswell and the Reich* Pgs 478-479

[115] Ibid Pg 479

[116] Ibid Pg 480 presents photographs of the described technology, proving their existence during the war, thus prior to Roswell by years.

[117] Ibid Pgs 481-483

[118] Farrell *Roswell and the Reich*, Pgs 484-485

[119] Ibid Pg 487-488

[120] *Roswell: Inconvenient Facts and the Will to Believe* by Karl T. Pflock, 2001

[121] Ibid

[122] Ibid

[123] Ibid, Page 180: Pflock identifies himself as a former CIA intgelligence officer.

[124] Corso

[125] And in 1960, the *Brookings Report* indeed recommended just that.

[126] Harbinson Pg 577

[127] Rux *Architects* Pg 428

[128] Charroux Pgs 70-71 This is particularly interesting when you consider that Herbert Schirmer, who we mentioned earlier having encountered the 'stinging rod' so resonant with my dad's encounter, also reported a 'winged serpent' emblem on the clothing of the being. See Rux *Architects* Pg 134.

[129] I refer the reader to my books *EOTW2:Friends From Sonora* and *Origin* yet again for the illustrations demonstrating a possible use of this exotic bell technology by the Sonora Aero Club. This argues on behalf of a breakaway civilization footprint in the Roswell mystery.

[130] Farrell, The Philosophers' Stone Pgs 306-307

[131] Ibid Pgs 310-311

[132] USAF af.mil; Jacobsen; Wikipedia, Various

[133] Ibid

[134] Ibid

[135] Ibid

[136] Ibid

[137] Ibid

[138] USAF af.mil; DD214 of Charles Bosley

[139] USAF af.mil; Jacobsen; Wikipedia; Various

[140] USAF af.mil; Wikipedia; Various

[141] USAF af.mil

[142] Ibid

[143] Ibid; Wikipedia; Various

[144] USAF af.mil; Jacobsen Pg 354

[145] USAF af.mil; Jacobsen Pgs 207-214 and various; Wikipedia; Various

[146] Ibid

[147] Jacobsen; Wikipedia; Various

[148] Ibid

[149] Ibid

[150] Jacobsen Pgs 124-125

[151] Jacobsen

[152] Jacobsen

[153] Jacobsen; Wikipedia; Various

[154] Ibid

[155] Jacobsen; USAF af.mil; NASA; Wikipedia; Various

[156] Jacobsen

[157] Jacobsen; Wikipedia; Various

[158] Wikipedia

[159] Marks Pg 5

[160] NASA; Wikipedia; Various

[161] Jacobsen Pg 440; Wikipedia; Various

[162] NY Times obituary, 29 August 1998, by Fprd Burkhart

[163] The Paperclip NASA Fritz Haber is often confused with the earlier Fritz Haber who is considered the 'father of chemical warfare'. He died in 1934.

[164] I refer to the Harriman connection here. See *EOTW2: Friends From Sonora* and *Origin*. I suggest a Harriman association is evidence for NYMZA association.

[165] Jacobsen

[166] Jacobsen Pg 132

[167] We are not finished with Strughold or Die Glocke just yet...

[168] USAF af.mil; Jacobsen Pg 407

[169] Marks, *Manchurian Candidate* Pg 9

[170] Ibid Pg 11

[171] *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate: The CIA and Mind Control* by John Marks (NYT Books, 1979); *The Final Report of the Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence*, aka the Church Committee Report; Wikipedia; Various

[172] Marks Pg 22

[173] Ibid Pgs 19-20

[174] Marks Pg 133 Ewen Cameron pursued 'complete' and 'differential' amnesia while on CIA grant money.

[175] Ibid Pgs 29-30

[176] Marks Pg 41

[177] Marks reports USAF involvement and enthusiasm for these programs throughout his book, based upon thousand of pages from the Church Committee.

[178] Marks Pg 185

[179] Ibid Pg 184

[180] Ibid Pgs 184-192

[181] Marks Pgs 127-128

[182] Ibid Pg 128 and footnote cites the Air Force Psychological Warfare Division's involvement with and independent development of CIA hypnosis methods.

[183] Ibid Pg 156

[184] Ibid Pg 188; The CIA pursuit of this had actually been going on for a few years.

[185] Marks Pgs 18-19

[186] Ibid Pg 15

[187] Marks Pgs 3-4

[188] Ibid Pg 4

[189] Jacobsen Pgs 288-290

[190] Ibid Pg 386

[191] Refer to Church Committee documents.

[192] Marks Pg 11

[193] Ibid Pg 66

[194] Marks Pgs 67-68

[195] Ibid Pg 68

[196] Marks Pgs 105-121; J*ourney Into Madness: The True Story of CIA Mind Control and Medical Abuse* by Gordon Thomas (Bantam 1989) Pgs 156-159

[197] WebMd.com; Wikipedia; A report at FactMed.com states that the chance of vertigo induced by guarana is slim, but even their limited test sample included one person getting vertigo, so they can kiss my ass.

[198] There is another reason to consider that Lundy may actually have known about or actually been present on the Arizona project. I will get to that later.

[199] Even if one questions Billy Les' credibility, he met me at DuPar's in the Farmers Market; my dad wasn't there. Bill gave me a name. The next day my dad provided the same name. My dad didn't agree that it was the name, I asked him what the name was and he provided it himself. Billy Les could be Satan, The Prince of Lies, and still he knew the name of a man my dad said was on a plane with him over forty years prior. Did my father know Bill...? What might that imply?

[200] USAF af.mi; Wikipedia; Various

[201] Ibid

[202] Ibid

[203] I've personally seen the facilities at WPAFB and they were reported widely during the Dayton Peace Accord in the 1990s.

[204] *Underground Bases and Tunnels: What Is The Government Trying To Hide? By Richard Sauder, PhD* (AUP) Pgs 17-18; also, NORAD *Historical Summaries* indeed support this; Wikipedia, Various.

[205] Ibid Pg 22; RAND Corporation history, rand.org; Wikipedia, Various.

[206] Document RM-2349, RAND Corporation, rand.org.

[207] Sauder Pg 23; Document RM-2617, RAND Corporation.

[208] Sauder Pg 22; *Protective Construction in a Nuclear Age, Vol. 1, Proceedings of the Second Protective Construction Symposium*, 24-26 March, 1959 (New York: MacMillan & Co, 1961) Pgs vi, 1-3.

[209] Executive Order 10346 signed by President Harry S. Truman on 17 April 1952, historycommons.org

[210] Sauder Pg 10, emphasis mine.

[211] *Underwater And Underground Bases* by Richard Sauder, PhD (AUP 2001) Pg 35; 'Underground Facilities for Defense--Experience and Lessons' in *Tunneling and Underground Transport: Future Developments in Technology, Economics and Policy* (New York: Elsevier Science Pub Co Inc, 1987)

[212] Sauder, *Underground Bases and Tunnels* Pg 25

[213] Holbrook entry on Wikipedia; *Secret Missions: The Hidden Legacy of Old California* by Walter Bosley, Chapter Four, (Corvos 2014)

[214] *Riddles of the Anasazi* by David Roberts, Smithsonian Magazine July 2003, smithsonianmag.com; David Hatcher Childress in *Lost Cities and Ancient Mysteries* and World Explorer Magazine; Wikipedia; Various

[215] Google Maps; Various US Atlases.

[216] Google Maps;

[217] Manta.com; Amfibi.directory; Various; US Air Force Radar Site is listed as a DoD 'company' at 2305 Navajo Boulevard, Holbrook AZ 86025.

[218] Sauder, *Underground Bases and Tunnels*, Pg 33. The report he refers to is 'Design of Underground Installation, in Rock; General Planning Considerations', Manual No. EM 1110-345-431 (1 Jan 61), Pg 7, US DoD/US Army Corps of Engineers.

[219] Ibid Pg 15

[220] Ibid Pgs 45-46

[221] WhereIsTheMoney.org

[222] *The Myth of the Rule of Law* by Catherine Austin Fitts, Pg 2, dunwalke.com.

[223] Worldwide Military Travel Guide, Andrews AFB/Joint Base Andrews, militaryliving.com/space-a; USAF Air Mobility Command, amc.af.mil

[224] USAF af.mil; Wikipedia; and personal knowledge/experience

[225] Sauder tells of an underground emergency facility at Los Alamos called 'Shelter 41-004'. The construction details of this 6,000 sq ft. facility were declassified in 1959, but the vaults and their security remained very strict nearly forty years later. The facility's purpose was described as "pure physics" and it was placed under something referred to simply as "W Division". Of course, what comes to my

mind is 'Weapons Division', but how enticing it is to consider the possibility of a 'Wilson Division'... Sauder *Underground Bases and Tunnels* Pg 29

[226] Marks Pgs 55-56

[227] Ibid Pgs 56-57

[228] Marks Pg 62

[229] Ibid Pgs 107-111

[230] Ibid Pg 113

[231] Ibid Pgs 114-115

[232] Ibid Pg 116

[233] Ibid Pg 117

[234] Marks Pg 56 Specifically referring to LSD, there is no reason to assume that the military rejected psilocybin.

[235] Ibid Pgs 131-132; Thomas, in *Journey Into Madness*, dedicates much of his book to the infamous Dr Cameron.

[236] Ibid Pgs 133-134

[237] Marks Pgs 133-135

[238] Ibid Pg 135

[239] Ibid Pgs 135-136

[240] Ibid Pgs 136-137

[241] Ibid Pg 137

[242] Marks Pg 136

[243] Ibid Pgs 137-139

[244] Ibid Pgs 155-156

[245] Ibid Pg 128 note

[246] The Church Committee; Marks.

[247] Not just Roswell, either. Think about the Kecksburg retrieval and how similar that object is to the Nazi Bell -- and then consider the Nazi scientists we've already discussed in this book and their involvement with USAF space technology.

[248] USAF af.mil; Wikipedia

[249] Corso Pg 139

[250] The Soviets had launched Sputnik in 1957. Satellite surveillance had become a real world concern.

[251] FBI Closed Files which I have personally reviewed and personal operational experience, as well as other numerous historical sources, document this fact.

[252] No offense to my USAF missile squadron colleagues but a secret space program facility would render missile ops relatively 'mundane'.

[253] Date typed on the front page of the document. Copy reprinted in Farrell *Roswell and the Reich* Pgs 260-266, original source Stanton Friedman, *Top Secret/Majic*.

[254] MAJIC is stamped at the top and bottom of each page.

[255] Jacobsen Pg 191

[256] Ibid Pg 192

[257] Pflock Pg 195 refers to this being done to the Tim Cooper document discussed later in this chapter;

[258] Jacobsen Pg 192. JIC 250/4 refers to the fourth report in the JIC 250 series.

[259] Pflock Pg 195

[260] The reader may educate himself on official US classification regulations via documents like DoD Manual 5200.01, Vol 2

[261] *Final Events And The Secret Government Group On Demonic UFOs And The Afterlife* by Nick Redfern (Anomalist Books, 2010) Pg 92.

[262] Redfern Pg 8

[263] Redfern Pg 22

[264] Ibid Pgs 29-31*; Strange Angel: The Otherworldly Life of Rocket Scientist John Whiteside Parons by George Pendle (Harcourt 2005) Pgs 292-293*.

[265] Redfern Pgs 31-37

[266] Ibid Pgs 36-39

[267] Ibid Pg 40

[268] Ibid Pgs 39-40

[269] Personal professional experience and documented in many places.

[270] Wikipedia

[271] Redfern Pgs 59-60

[272] Ibid Pg 92

[273] Ibid

[274] This was likely Frances Bolton, in office from 1940-1969. Her interests resulted in a Bolton Fellowship in parapsychology. Wikipedia.

[275] I have already discussed this facility's direct Operation Paperclip associations in a previous chapter. Notice the connection.

[276] Ibid Pgs 65-66

[277] Curiously, I cannot find an M.K. Savely linked to USAF aviation medicine anywhere but in the letter referred to by Redfern in his book. Nick has even sent me a copy of the letter and it indeed identifies M.K. Savely as Chief of the Aero Medical Division of the Air Force Office of Scientific Researchin 1957. The Savely I did find is Dr Harvey Savely who left the Aero Medical Laboratory in 1956 to go to the (Air Force) Office of Scientific Research. Same guy? Per *Air Force Aerospace Medical Research Laboratory,* usafunithistory.com

[278] *Studies On Vertebral Injuries Sustained During Aircrew Ejection* by Higgins, Enfield and Marshall, ONR 1965, dtic.mil, Pg 36

[279] dspace.mit.edu/bitstream/handle/1721.1/56174/RLE_QPR_101_BM.pdf

[280] On the contrary. I have a lot of reasons for now suspecting that Colonel Lundy was a member of the Collins Elite. He entered the US Army in the early 1950s and was recruited into Special Forces. He worked with the CIA for decades. The things he shared with me and briefed me on over the years are among the specific interests of the Collins Elite. He even told me of a special underground facility at Ft Belvoir.which Richard Sauder cites in *Underground Bases and Tunnels*, Pg 11. He knew all about what happened to my dad in Arizona. He taught me certain skills in occult sciences for use in my work.

[281] Vallee, *Passport To Magonia* Pg 102